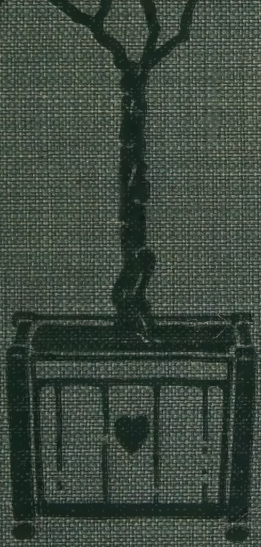
GARDEN WHIMSEYS



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GARDEN WHIMSEYS

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GARDEN WHIMSEYS

BY
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1923

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To Irwin
and our happy memories of the
Broonwyck garden
this little book is devotedly inscribed

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CHAPTER I

MEET THE GARDEN

MOST garden books overwhelm me with discouragement and despair—the people who write them have so much knowledge and so much money. I confess at the very outset to having neither the one nor the other, so that those who expect or desire a profound treatise on flowers may not be decoyed into going any further along the path with me. Yet it is without presumption and in serene confidence, that I swing wide my gate, and invite kindred spirits, filled with a love of simple flowers, and a worship of color as embodied in them, to come with me into the narrow confines of my little garden and compare notes.

It is only in dreams that my sadly overcrowded borders spread out into wide vistas and terraces, where wall-fountains sing and marble seats invite, where white peacocks strut about, and gardeners are around every corner. I should need the lamp

of a very powerful genie to transform into a gardener, old Jake, the familiar spirit of my garden, who fights every day a losing battle with "the rheumatiz," and who does not feel the slightest hesitation in sending me for rake or pruning shears, if I happen to appear at the moment when those things seem desirable. But we understand each other very well, Jake and I. True there frequently enters into our intercourse a touch of pitying condescension, as when we differ on the merits of Golden-glow, or the value of the brilliant scarlet Sage, but much is forgiven me on account of my agility in fetching the rake, and in the main we agree perfectly. We bury our bones of contention behind the garage, in that secluded spot known to our household as the Italian garden because there in happy isolation all questionable reds and vehement yellows may settle their differences and scream at each other unseen and, I trust, unheard.

An old proverb assures us, with the indomitable air common to all proverbs of having settled the question, that all beginnings are difficult. The beginning of a garden must be the exception that proves the rule, for most of us find the first step fatally easy. On second thought, however, I believe no one ever begins a garden—no one except perhaps the plutocrat, who waves his golden wand,

and says, "Minion, a garden!" and him we left behind in the first paragraph. With most of us a garden does not begin—it just happens. A thoughtless gift from a generous and well meaning friend in appropriate response to a burst of enthusiasm on seeing one of his treasures; a Hyacinth from the florist, its usefulness apparently over, stuck idly in the ground with astonishing results the next spring—and the battle is on.

I say battle advisedly, for, all too soon, it becomes one in truth. From so small a beginning the fatal charm of it seizes us, and finally, taking absolute possession like a pleasant octopus, threatens to smother us completely. That storm signals will not avert the tempest, I am well aware; nor do I raise them to dissuade you from embarking upon this obsessing and all-absorbing adventure where lies hidden so much joy; but I should do less than my duty if I, who have come to grief upon these rocks, did not hoist a warning to you, just launching your frail craft so confidently, to keep your life-preserver on, to sail warily, and to be firm. Do not be all things to all flowers as I have so nearly become, for once in possession, you can never tear them from your heart, nor your garden. You may wish them dead—and they may die—and you are never happy nor at

peace until you have replaced them. Each year I have gone over my lists, with a sad heart but with inflexible determination. Iris, Peonies, Roses —all those, of course, quantities of them—but all the rest must go! Then from a background of the Tausendschoen, the heavenly blue Delphinium looks reproachfully at me, her myriad babies at her feet, waiting meekly for me to play Herod, and haughty Foxglove inquires scornfully, "Where, Madame, would your garden be without me—me and Hollyhock?" "Where, indeed?" I answer in despair.

The Lupines are doomed. They really are unnecessary, I still think, but that year the pink ones actually condescended to bloom with the blue, the white turned the duet into a trio, and the melody was my undoing. I decided I could do very well without the Lychnis—not the scarlet variety, which in common with all scarlet flowers is anathema to me—but the lovely little dull-rose-cerise Viscaria, and that year they fulfilled for the first time the color scheme for which I intended them when I planted them in front of the early single crimson Peonies. The result gave me a lump in my throat, and made it utterly impossible to do anything with them except to divide the clumps and make twice as many more. Ever since, they

have bloomed just too early or just too late for those Peonies, but that cannot always happen, and anyway their lives are saved.

Have you ever seen Incarvillea Delavayi, and Phlox divaricata, and Anthericum blooming together grouped in the same border? Neither have I, but I am bound to sometime, and until I do, those must stay—and afterwards of course, if the effect is anything like what I suspect it will be. And so on and on with the long list, growing longer every day, in spite of my struggles. "At all events Phlox paniculata shall go," I vow in the best of faith, and then comes August, that month so barren of almost all else. The garden blazes and scintillates with wonderful tones of the brilliant rose of Rhynstrom, the deep, shady color of B. Comte, the appealing loveliness of Elizabeth Campbell, the compelling radiance of Astarte and Ferdinand Cortez, the restful coolness of Frau Buchner, and I am plunged in a dazed wonder. Was I mad, I ask myself, that I imagined for one moment that the garden could do without these?

With the march of the seasons, come the ragged Chrysanthemums that I find so much more attractive than their hot-house brothers. To me, the proper and appropriate autumn colors are yellows and bronzes and dull reds. Joyously, I say to my

credulous self, "I am weary of those pinks and crimsons; those Chrysanthemums shall go this year when they have finished blooming, and that means one less border." And that night, a dinner party. Across the table, my guest—florid, well-upholstered, bejeweled, sampling with great apparent relish her alligator pear. On the table, shaded candles smile down upon a dewy bank of rose-colored daintiness and beauty smiling up responsively—those doomed Chrysanthemums. I ponder: "Mrs. Smith is infinitely more trouble and expense than Mrs. Buckingham. Is she as much pleasure?" My lips must have moved. "I beg your pardon," says Mr. Smith, bending forward, and I am filled with a wicked almost overwhelming desire to put the question to him.

Dahlias, I say with pride, I have foresworn absolutely, yet knowing well that pride is only a brief step in advance of the worst of calamities. I pray—loudly, to still the doubts of my sincerity that my conscience insists on voicing—to Time to help me to forget how a bowl of rose Centurys lights my low-toned drawing-room. Unlike the Cosmos or the Chrysanthemum, they need no borrowed light from shaded lamps to pick out the dark corner where they are, or heighten the brilliant softness of their color. They say, "How d'y-

do? Glad you came," the moment you step inside the door. The more I think about it the more I realize that I was wholly wrong, if not actually sinful, to let them go at all, and that the only thing to do to atone, is to find a corner for them somewhere as quickly as possible.

And so, Friend of the little garden, listen to the warning of one who suffers and is never strong. Shun variety as you would a weed. Have as many as you can of a very few sorts. The others, once in, cannot be easily banished, and there is no denying that too many varieties, no matter how lovely, give a small garden a disheveled and a patchy appearance.

The Infant says with sadness—slightly flavored with a subtle lack of charity—"So many flowers, and no place for my tent! "—That tent, huge, dull-gray, hideous, always on my conscience, grinning at me in visions, raising its implacable bulk at the end of every vista. I shall have to put it somewhere, and that soon, to escape the twenty others that fill my mental pictures whatever way I turn! The Ogre says with grim import, "An apartment—or a sanitarium? " and still the obsession goes joyously on. It is a favorite illusion that a garden is a healthful proposition. The cold and calculating nature that finds health in his

garden, could quite as satisfyingly and far less expensively derive it from one of those remarkable patent exercisers that lie in wait around every corner to entrap and regenerate credulous man. No hobby can be ever really healthful, when ridden by an ardent and enthusiastic devotee.

CHAPTER II

THE GARDEN'S JEWELS

OF all the thrills that flesh is heir to—and a gardener's flesh is heir to many—that moment in late autumn when the jewel casket long watched for, almost despaired of, at last arrives from the importer, is among the most poignant. That rough wooden box, in which the soul of the garden lies imprisoned, makes its entrance at the well chosen and spectacular moment when all seems to be over, the curtain rung down, the musicians departed, the footlights out. It is as if, turning reluctantly away, still wrapped in the glamor of the dream, unwilling to wake to the prosaic realities of home and bed, but seeing no alternative, you come suddenly and unexpectedly upon friends of like feeling and talk it all over in some cheerful corner, to the accompaniment of soft music and low voices, and tinkling china and silver, and the appetizing aroma of welsh rabbit. The evening you thought finished, has begun all over again.

All was apparently over in the theater of the

garden, where we have lived so long in such a happy dream that reality seems for the moment far more unreal than dreaming—and at that moment the curtain rises after all upon another act. The scene swept bare of any rival, enters the casket of bulbs. Upon the pale opalescent green of evening sky, deserted by the sunset, appears the afterglow! No matter what the spring may bring to us of hopes more than fulfilled, or of too brilliant visions clouded, there is no qualification in the thrill we feel when, tearing open the box, we take those little brown globes of symbolic faith and hope and beauty in our caressing hands. Nothing that the future has in store can take away that first fine rapture of anticipation. Even realization is never quite so ecstatic.

There is a weird fascination to me in a bulb—the brown satin-smoothness of the Tulip, the rough uncouthness, so misleading, of the Lily, all mystic symbols of serenest faith. I am inclined sometimes to wonder if a Scilla is really a Scilla—or only a Scilla because we know it is! Dreadful thought that, carried to its ultimate conclusion, leaves us nowhere, as if in an airplane suspended miles above our little sphere the engine suddenly goes dead! Let us abandon these dizzy heights, and volplane cautiously to

earth, holding firmly to the conviction that a Scilla is a Scilla because it looks like one, and the catalogue says it is, and what more do we want anyway, except to have our gardens full of these lovely bits of autumn skies brought over into spring?

Crocuses you have, of course, as everybody has but me. I do not care much for their stiff-ungraceful-leafless-bald-bold bloom, but prefer to wait just a moment longer for the heavenly blue of the Scilla Siberica to raise the curtain on the floral pageant of my garden. As a curtain raiser it is a spectacular success for such a humble little flower. Beds and carpets of it I have everywhere I can, and still long every year to have more and more of its pure, brilliant, penetrating blue. Almost as early as the Crocus, it does not interfere with any other growth, and is most satisfying, tucked about among the Peonies or the Lilies, or any of the other perennials. Also it is one of the very few bulbs we have that grows better and more plentiful each year, rarely dying out as so many do. Row upon row I have under the hedges, where it marshals its ranks drawn up in lines of brilliant blue fire, before the hedge leaves have found courage to break their winter bonds, and arrests all passers-by with the spectacle of its

valiant beauty. Scilla races are wild sport! The Infant and I, choosing each a brown champion, tuck them away for the winter side by side, carefully marked, and bet on the result with reckless abandon.

All sorts of dreadful adjectives I piled on top of poor Crocus as an unanswerable argument for not liking it; how then shall I explain my absurd and unreasoning passion for Muscari—those stiff, uncompromising globes of Gentian-blue that intrigue my soul? Inconsistency personified I know I am, but they do have for me the greatest and most inexplicable fascination and I cannot get enough of them. It must be that in the spring I am particularly susceptible to blue—but not to go into the whys and wherefores too deeply, the fact remains that I adore them, and stick clumps of them about so thickly that I am continually slicing into the poor old ones in setting new. They, like the Scilla, are very hearty and prolific, though late severe frosts do more harm in stunting and impairing the perfection of their shapely balls, than to the apparently more delicate bloom of the earlier Scilla. They bloom with the Daffodils, each a foil for the other, and with that chord, I feel that the orchestra, its instruments finally tuned, has settled down at last to the opening overture.

Of course everyone has Daffodils and loves them. I should expect everything that I have said before or since to have no weight, if I attempted for one moment to deny or criticise their loveliness and charm, but associated with their name to me is a certain sadness not unmixed with irritation, in that I have not been able to make them as happy in my garden as I could wish, though I have tried them in every available spot. The little, round, plump, somewhat ragged Von Sion settles down resignedly with an air of making the best of it and accommodates itself to the exigencies of my garden very well, but it is my misfortune that I am not able to like that one as well as almost any of the others, and, adoring the big single trumpets, try year after year to make Emperor or Empress or King Alfred, or any of that royal family, happy and contented with me, so far in vain. The first year they are very good; the second, expecting even more bloom, I get a great deal less; and by the third, having now apparently fully realized their Bohemian environment, they have almost wholly departed. It is so disappointing to me, who want so much a permanent bulb garden, that I do not get half the pleasure out of the loyal Von Sion that I should. It does seem as if royalty might

be happy with me when I love it so much, but I must believe that only in fiction is King Cophetua gracious to the beggar maid, and this is no novel, much as I wish it were, but one of real life's little tragedies!

To Narcissus poeticus I turn for comfort, and do not turn in vain, for there I find it in full measure pressed down and running over. These luminous refreshing flowers swarm all over my garden with the greatest amiability, never questioning anything; a theirs-but-to-do-not-die spirit that I find a great relief after so much of the opposite. And nothing could be more beautiful than these appealing flowers, so delicate and yet so strong, that every year in renewed and larger clumps lift up their happy faces to say, "Here we are again. Forget those yellow relatives of ours!" How glad I should be if I only could, but it is written on every page of life that it is the reluctant that seems the most desirable.

I have many more showy flowers in my garden, but none more interesting and fascinating than Fritillaria, the Melagris alba. I have never seen this flower in any garden since my childhood excepting mine, and I often wonder why it is not more commonly met. It is easily grown and faithful, though it multiplies but slowly, and it

is of an odd and interesting shape very appealing. One finds it difficult to believe that the bold and flaunting Crown Imperial is sister to this simple dainty flower that hangs its head in confusion, having always the memory of its blatant relative in mind. Clumps of Fritillary, reënforced by troops of Muscari, guarding Von Sion, help to keep the latter from getting too conceited and make a very attractive ensemble.

I have not yet spoken of the ubiquitous—except in my garden—Galanthus, because that flower has been spoiled completely for me by another memory of my grandmother's garden, this one, to my great regret, not yet materialized. A marvelous picture photographed in color on my mind, is Leucojum—a mastodon of Snowdrops—whose tall green shafts of stem rise in my memory to a height undreamed of by Snowdrops, be they never so ambitious, and crowned by snowy, pale-green-tipped bells of such size and of such dazzling purity, that I should almost fear to exchange the vision for the reality. Still I have bravely over and over made the attempt, being no coward who dares not look the truth in the face, but so far have had my courage for my pains, my appeals to the florists having proved far worse than futile. Over and over, spring after spring, on approaching,

in a proper mental frame of awe not unmixed with apprehension, the sacred spot where I had enshrined those darlings of the gods, I have found that I was again the plaything of a cruel fate, or of the no less inhuman flori-humorists. The tender, shrinking, wholly inadequate blossoms of the insignificant Galanthus, made thrice insignificant through my anticipations—and at that Galanthus nivalis—insult piled on injury—meet my exasperated gaze!

Somewhat dashed after repeated failures, each meaning a year out of an all too short life, one must remember, my proud spirit badly bent if not quite broken, I decide to try a compromise in Galanthus Elwesii, which, in the catalogue, sounds almost as good. If not a lion for lunch, then I must have at least a mouse. Again, punished for my spineless weakness, I draw nivalis. Poor thing! I pity but cannot endure the sight of her foolish little face, and as, ashamed of my vacillating concession, I turn once more to the "L's," determined to make one last appeal, I discover that the florists, annoyed apparently by the persistence of my importunities, stopped listing it when my back was turned. So after years of fruitless struggle, I am no further advanced to the goal than on my first attempt! No doubt the grapes

are sour—but I should like to taste them! But if I may not, at all events I will not be forced into having Galanthus!

I have few Hyacinths—an occasional group as a high light in an arresting spot, but not in numbers, as I like the other bulbs. To me their tightly packed spikes of bloom are as nearly inartistic as it is permitted that a flower shall be. The loosely hung trusses of the so-called "Dutch-Roman"—a trifle hardier than the genuine Roman, but still not hardy enough to be at all dependable in this locality—are attractive but too uncertain to plant in any quantity. Pots from the florist, their bloom finished, if stuck in the ground just anywhere, give you much the effect of the lightly-hung, loose grace of the noblest Roman of them all, even though they were the stiff, fat ones when forced. They bloom a season or two with the Scilla or the Muscari, and further than that I do not go. I much prefer to devote the time, the space, and the funds I may have at my disposal to Tulips, of which I feel that I can never have enough.

But even in Tulips I must be pardoned a discriminating taste. No double ones find sanctuary with me, nor any parrots—those tortured travesties on flowers. The Bizarres and the Rem-

brandts are a trifle better, but tiresome after a bit, and lacking dignity, like a patchwork quilt. The early flowering Tulip is of wonderful value in any garden, cheerful and wholesome and attractive in coloring, though the range is limited, and of a more home-loving and loyal disposition than any of the others, though nothing to bank on very heavily at that. I have a few that have come up faithfully for five years, and I feel that I have nothing to complain of should they now abandon me. In this branch of the family scarlet is the color most in vogue, but I do not use it even so early as this. There is no moment of the whole year, with the exception of the Christmas season, when scarlet does not make me shudder; therefore my choice in early Tulips is much limited. There are lovely, luminous yellows, however, in all tones even to orange, and a few good pinks, though in April pink has not yet become absolutely necessary to my happiness. Pure blues and sunny yellows are just now my favorites, which no doubt explains in part my coldness over Hyacinths.

The Cottage Tulips have been somewhat crowded into the background by the wonderful and exquisite Darwins, who arrive on the scene at almost the same time, but they usually get in a week or so first, and are well worth having, even

after the others appear. They are a little stronger than the Darwins, and have just a trifle the advantage in point of permanence—a misnomer as applied to Tulips, however—coming up often for three or even four years. They also resist storms better, being not quite so tall, and though being a trifle, if only a trifle, earlier, are not often called upon to endure quite so severe a sun. For all these reasons as well as for their beauty, they should not be wholly ignored in favor of their prouder brothers, but should have a place in every garden. The Picotee, liked well by most people, is a type by itself in this division. Its coloring is exquisite, but its pointed petals and its tendency to reflex hurt it for me, and there are many in this variety of Tulip that I consider better worth while, notably La Candeur and Fairy Queen and Ellen Wilmot. And with these, I say good-by to yellow in my perennial garden for the summer.

Last in the pageant of the Tulips, bringing up the rear in a thoroughly masterly fashion, are the noble Darwins, of which too much can hardly be said. Words—at least mine—cannot describe adequately their stately dignity and splendid beauty. During their all-too-brief day they make the garden a dream of loveliness, unsurpassed for the remainder of the summer, either

in groups by themselves, or in glorious combination with other marvelous flowers, of which there is now almost an embarrassment of riches. For us it is, to bring a heavenly order out of all this wonderful confusion of glowing color, born fresh with every pulsing moment. Just now we have within our grasp all the notes for the most thrilling harmonies that can be played by Nature's orchestra. In our unskilled hands it rests, whether we create symphonies—or jazz.

I suspect I am too fond of a tidy garden—that I make a fetish of formal effects—but try as I may, I seem unable to educate myself into liking color effects made up of things coming up through beds of something else. It affects me much as it does to see priceless rugs laid upon expensive carpets, or precious laces upon valuable damask. Half the beauty of the lace is not comprehended until it kisses the dark wood of the polished table gleaming through; the rugs, lying upon the shining waxen surface of the uncovered floor, take on new beauty not half seen before; and so the dark clean soil, the source of its well being, throws up the beauty of each flower as the frame does the picture. In a flower book the other day I came upon the suggestion that we have that lovely Darwin, Baron de la Tonnaye, "rising from a bed of

Arabis." That seems to me a singularly unattractive idea, and no doubt it would strike him as such, also! Why do I want to see the Baron getting out of bed? Far rather would I behold him, his toilet for the day *un fait accompli*, his well groomed head held proudly against a lovely feathery background of Spirea Thunbergii. Or Beethoven whispering sweet nothings to Azalea amœna in the bright sunshine, or Marconi with Erguste exchanging social amenities with the rose Flowering Almond. No, my bulbs, like my rugs, shall be free from smothering, stuffy carpets, and later, a cheerful little Verbena shall be planted on their tomb, if the occasion seems to call for the concealment of their mangled remains.

If I could have but one variety of Darwin, I should choose without hesitation Pride of Haarlem. With quantities of this luminous Tulip, combined with Alphonse LaValle Lilac, in a dull brass *jardinière*, I ravished my senses one never-to-be-forgotten day in a symphonic chord of sublime color, whose vibrating tones are still echoing in my memory. Another softer, but still clarion, recollection lies in a combination of Marconi, Persian Lilac, and one white Iris. The effect is indescribable. Some of these glowing Tulips should be planted against the Persian Lilac which, being

of lighter foliage and lower bloom than most Lilacs, lends itself gracefully to growing effects, and if the little Peony tenuifolia is planted at its feet and will wait for it, one can desire nothing more lovely.

Beside the Darwins already mentioned, Julie Vinot, Psyche, Edmee, and Painted Lady are all beautiful, and as these comprise a good color range, I keep for the most part to them, instead of adding, quantities of bewildering names, but using Pride of Haarlem in the proportion of two to one, that being my favorite. None of these exquisite flowers will grow in perfection more than one season. I get some the second year, a few even the third, but depended upon they prove most disappointing. Taking them up each summer, as recommended by some, I have found to do little good. The bulbs do steadily deteriorate, and the only way to be really happy with them is to resign oneself to the inevitable, and, buying a few new ones each year, take thankfully what the gods send you of the old.

Delighting to bring my flowers about me in the house, the Tulip is the one flower that I do not like to cut. To me it seems imprisoned in a room, as if, wholly self-sufficient, it did not like being among people, and I always feel apologetic when

I snip its slender pale stem and force it to companion me, in no matter what high company of other flowers. No other flower, not even a Lily, gives me that feeling of abysmal inferiority. They never smile at me as I go by, as most of my flowers do; they simply do not see me. But for that, so naturally and unconsciously is it done, I bear them no ill will, and am only grateful to them for being willing to grow and bloom in my little garden.

This humility, becoming though it may be, is by no means my customary attitude. Usually I fear that I am most arrogant with my flowers, browbeating them shamefully if they do not please me. Those supercilious Lilies, for instance—I cannot do without them, of course, but their attitude of being fully aware of that annoys me beyond words, and I most heartily wish I could. To me they are flagrant snobs, and have the pride of money, rather than good breeding, though my heart does sometimes smite me for feeling so antagonistic, when the Madonnas gleam in reproachful—and irreproachable—dignity, with the celestial blue Delphinium, against the rosy garlands of the Tausendschoen, upon the screen. They are too coldly perfect and seem to me as artificial as the queen of some elaborate musical

comedy, and no more satisfying, and quite as hard to live with as an angel would be at one's breakfast table; one would always be conscious of its wings disposed nicely over the back of its chair!

I do not feel at all like this toward the rollicking Tigers. Those I adore, and in their riotous season fill the house with huge jars of them, rejoicing. It annoys me very much, the thought that a Madonna has never seen a Tiger! I would enjoy extremely shaking a great bunch of them in their supercilious faces and saying, "Behold your brothers." I imagine that would make them more agreeable to live with, after it had sunk in, but alas, it can never be! Perhaps it is just as well, as there is the danger that they might only say to each other, "Let the galled jade wince"—and I should be worse off than before.

The Speciosums do not seem quite so haughty, perhaps because they have caught a glimpse of the just vanishing Tigers out of the tail of their eye, but they do seem insincere, which is rank ingratitude on my part, for they, though much neglected, have been very faithful to me, coming up year after year to my great surprise, and I must admit, gratification. Perhaps they like their corner with the pink Phlox, Pantheon, and the

deep-blue Aconitum, and are determined to overcome my indifference as to their reappearance, that corner being already as lovely as any corner has a right to be. The Auratum I have abandoned as being definitely a bore, and the Superbum as being only a woodland weed—beautiful there if you like, but out of place in a garden, and suffering sadly in comparison. Canadense rubrum is a dear, and suffers through no comparison, though that too belongs in the fields, but as it is not so commonly seen there as its sister the yellow variety, it is more to be desired in the garden.

That there should be such a vast difference between Tweedledum and Tweedledee, I marvel but admit, knowing Hemerocallis flava and Hemerocallis fulva, who were invented to prove it. Flava is a cheerful, agreeable flower—a Lily and yet not quite a Lily, and an acquisition to any garden, but not for me except in its earliest manifestation, because it is yellow both early and late and always. Fulva is never for me, early or late, nor for anyone if he sees it first. Of an incredible coarseness, it ranks high on my list of undesirables. Sieboldii and Thunbergii are of *flava* type, and extend the period of bloom into the summer.

For the Spanish and the English Irises I have nothing but praise. They are very dainty and

attractive, but must be planted in great quantities to be effective, and are not really hardy with us, but grow weaker and weaker with each succeeding season. At their blooming time there are so many equally attractive and much stronger flowers waiting for a niche that I have reluctantly ceased concerning myself about them. The same is true of the Montbretia, and also I fear of Paradisea, *alias* Anthericum Lilastrium, *alias* St. Bruno's Lily, which I was very fond of, but plainly must resign myself to doing without. One might as well try to raise Freesias and all the other hot-house bulbs in one's garden as many that are listed with happy fancy in the catalogues as hardy. Among these one actually sometimes finds St. Brigid's Anemone, and if there is anything that I simply cannot resign myself to doing without it is that bright angel among flowers. That I do do without it goes without saying, but I am not resigned. However, if one is going to get unreasonable, one might better go to live in a Persian garden—or perhaps Texas might do. I suppose there are alleviations to one's hard lot, even in this climate, though thinking of these flowers with longing in my heart, I do not seem able at the moment to recall any.

Incarvillea Delavayi is a heavenly flower listed

frequently among the bulbs, though it is tuberous rooted like the Dahlia. Much hardier than the Dahlia, it would be a delightful addition to the garden, were it not for the extraordinary and incredible desire it seems to cherish for digging itself in! It disappeared after a stay of two or three years, having in the meantime grown gradually beautifully less, and I, supposing it another example of the unquenchable optimism of the florists, and excavating the spot for the purpose of planting some old reliable there, was horrified to discover that the poor things had dug their own graves. There they were, more than a foot down, all sprouted; even some faint indications of stunted leaves to be discerned. I was heartbroken at the pathetic sight, for I had loved them very much, and to think of them, buried alive and struggling, was tragic to me. They must go down because they are cold, and inadvertently they go beyond their depth like some incautious swimmers, and so drown. I think it would be practicable to store the roots in earth, in a pit or cold cellar. That is no more trouble than the Dahlia makes us, and they are worth infinitely more trouble than the Dahlia.

I am not a Dahlia lover, though I do make an exception of the big single Century. That is ex-

quisite, especially in pink, and wholly worthy of a corner somewhere if one can find it for them. As they are unattractive growing, it should be a secluded corner in the cutting garden or better yet, the vegetable garden. The horticulturists have made ducks and drakes of the Dahlia—not to say geese of themselves—in their mad race for size rather than beauty. Let us draw the veil of a regretful silence over the resulting melancholy zoölogical garden. I wonder if a florist ever stops to think that no matter how large he makes a flower, he can never even approximate the size of a washtub any plumber can create. Even an old and leaking washtub is larger than the finest flower.

I cannot visualize my garden as it was so short a time ago, before I adopted the last bulb on my list, the beneficent Gladiolus. Once a timid guest on probation, it has taken possession, and swarms all over the garden, busily and happily fulfilling its kind mission of lighting with its friendly torches every spot that must otherwise, at certain seasons, be bare of bloom. Of recent years this flower has met a kindlier fortune than the poor Dahlia and has been greatly improved in delicacy and coloring as well as size. The old crude red, once the only Gladiolus to many, one is rarely com-

pelled to see now, and the ruffled varieties in their grace and beauty would be a great surprise to some of the old stiff ones if they might meet. They are the most obliging of flowers and may be tucked in wherever growth has failed or faded, neither their roots nor their leafage being exacting or arrogant, and their flowers being lovely out of all proportion to their demands. I plant them from the first of May until the last of June, and so have bloom into October from these accommodating little friends. Not hardy, they must be stored each winter,—in this case a distinct advantage, as each year they may be placed where the call sounds most emphatic, and also the period of blooming may be regulated. As the new bulb forms upon the old each year, there is practically no loss, and on the contrary, if the thousands of little corms are sown in drills in the annual garden each spring, and treated like the parents each autumn, there is much gain if one has patience. Jake has patience enough for himself and for me too, and often brings me its fruits with great and well justified pride.

And now the casket empty—all its jewels made into a glowing necklace of bright hopes laid on the garden's bosom—nothing is left us but to wait with what patience we may till, waking,

she deems the occasion meet for wearing them. That she adorns herself in her choicest ones in the morning and wears them all day, we will not criticize, only thankful that she does wear them, and with such grace.

CHAPTER III

THE RAINBOW

AN ardent devotee of flower catalogues, I spend hours poring over the enthralling collection of treasured volumes in my extensive library of this frequently neglected and often unappreciated branch of literary prowess, gloating, torturing the margins with annotations, dreaming optimistic dreams, and seeing transcendent visions. Within their covers lie, not humdrum lists, but sparkling poems—poems and glowing paintings, and music too, the crashing chords of glorious symphonies.

Always they appeal, but it is perhaps in January or February that they have their strongest lure, when the first faint presage of spring not yet softening the air outside, nevertheless stirs delicately in our subconscious hopes; when winter, realizing the approach of his last hour, lashes himself into a very fury of despair expressed in icy blasts of rain-mixed snow and sleet against the windows, and the library fire thoughtfully bestirs itself in heroic efforts, aided by me, to make

as many wood-ashes as possible, in the little time before they will be needed. From before its sleepy warmth, in a perfect welter of my familiar friends, I look up, wild-eyed and dazed, called rudely from my dreams back to earth by the advent of the Ogre and the Infant, ready for dinner and shaking their heads in amused, ironic wonder, as my airship flounders to a sudden, unexpected landing.

Poems — paintings — harmonies — even nectar, those little brochures are to me, but all those gifts of the gods have their minor chords. I have read some sad lessons from between their lines, and the *alter-ego* at my elbow warns me to walk warily. Poems they are, but has a poet no imagination, that he should be taken literally? Who contends that cold fact and not fantasy inspired our Keats, and who would stake his all on the conviction that the visions were real that Corot put on canvas, or go to martyrdom for the truth of what he may have read in the Moonlight Sonata? Dream your dreams with willingly closed eyes before your library fire—but be sure that they are open wide before you put pen to paper, and that your brain is not still drugged by the lingering fragrance of the ambrosia brought to your palate by Zeus's rainbow messenger. "*Cum grano salis*" is all very well as far as it goes, but he who elects to

travel through gardens of delight, with a flower catalogue for chart and compass, should take along a whole bag. And never is it more necessary to keep one's hand in the bag, than when one sits down for an evening with the Iris catalogue—to me the most beguiling and dangerous of them all.

But even with me, an Iris is not always above reproach; there are Irises and Irises. My love is never blind and I pack a discriminating, if not critical, taste in all things—Ogres—Infants—even Irises. The little pumila, earliest on the scene, coming to open the house for the royal family is an instance of this, making no appeal to me. She is too gnome-like, with head too large for body, and is too fat and substantial, the unpardonable sin to me in Irises, which should be above all things ethereal. I prefer to hold my impatience in check a little longer and allow Ivorine of the intermediate class to open the ball. She is very beautiful and eminently worth waiting for. Ingeborg, Gerda, and Halfdan in this section are also extremely good if one has room for so many of this class. They are not so tall as the germanica, but are not dwarfed and stocky like the pumila, and the flowers are of very good size and form. But I prefer to give the limited space I have to great clumps of one sort, rather than to make a collection of

names for practically the same color, so in this class I specialize on Ivorine.

One of the earliest and sweetest Irises I have is the florentina, Queen Emma, very lovely and prolific, and practically white. The finest really pure white that I have so far discovered, is from this section (tall, bearded), albicans, Princess of Wales. With this variety I would like to fill my whole garden, but the Princess has proved delicate with me, and the clumps increase but slowly. Pocahontas is a most exquisite flower, white, its delicate edges just faintly washed with blue, like shadow more than color. When that unfolds I can hardly tear myself away from its side, and it should have been mentioned first of all if precedence means merit. But it is very difficult to list them in order of their beauty. Innocenza belongs in the very front rank, too. Mrs. H. Darwin, much admired in my garden, is very healthy and industrious, but too small and solid looking, a typical *haus-frau*, and fails to meet the delicate and butterfly-like standard required of a perfect Iris. In one so material looking, color would be the only *raison d'être*.

Of the purples, Kochii is my earliest, valuable mostly for that reason, being open to many of the faults, though all the virtues, too, of Mrs. Darwin.

It is a wonderful, clear, even tone of rich red purple, and a most effective foil for other blooms. In purple I never hope to see a more exquisite and thrilling blossom than Karput, an immense but delicate flower, of heavenly color and absolutely perfect form, and of great lasting qualities when cut—that is for Iris, meaning that it lasts two days instead of one! Lohengrin I did not care for at first, and was much disappointed, the catalogue had been so enthusiastic. I gave away all but a small piece, which, tucked in next Karput, took on such remarkable beauty the next season under his benevolent influence, that I have been regretting my headlong and ill-considered generosity ever since. But time will soon repair the damage, and meanwhile I shall have learned a valuable lesson as to what proper companionship will do for flowers as well as man.

Celeste is an exquisite flower, large, and a clear pale blue rare in Iris. I fail to see how Brandywine, a new and expensive Iris which answers the description of Celeste perfectly, could be any better. Perhaps one pays for the name, which sounds enticing. But attractive though it may be, Celeste will have to do for me this year, and, planted with Rose Unique—a smaller Iris, more like Mrs. Darwin, but an extremely good pink—

the color of each is heightened wonderfully. It is a mistake, made by me at first, to plant so-called "pink" Irises together. The true pink Iris has not yet been born, but planted against blue they become, especially in the sun, so nearly pink that only the most carping critic could complain, or call them anything else. Unfortunately some of my best pink Irises were inadvertently put next the Pyrethrum which, consumed with jealousy, swears at them violently, and they, too well-bred to answer back, sink into crushed, if dignified, insignificance. This autumn the offenders shall be properly disciplined. Pink Tulips, too, should be kept at a distance, as the blooming season is apt to overlap, to the utter discomfiture of the delicate, easily submerged pink of the Iris. Pink Tulips and purple Iris are a wonderful combination, however.

Having always a weakness for royalty most deplorable in a good American, I have to admit that Her Majesty is my favorite pink Iris. A trifle browner than Rose Unique, it is a more graceful shape, and not quite so tightly held together. Planted with Mary Garden—of a subtle indescribable color—and a little pale blue, the effect is opalescent. Trautlieb is good though very pale and delicate. Queen of May is not pink

at all to my vision, though it is so listed, but rather a lavender, an attractive Iris nevertheless. Of the blue Irises I am extremely fond of Oriental (pallida), Blue Jay (planted with Mt. Penn), and Massasoit. Crusader is a heavenly-clear blue, and should couch his bright lance in every garden.

I have not been fortunate in finding much that I consider attractive among the yellow Irises. The color is often very good, but the form is usually most disappointing, and I am inclined to believe that the same interest has not been shown in improving the yellow varieties as in the others. Loreley is very appealing, but hardly yellow enough to be called so. Montezuma is fair, and aurea and flavescens one endures for the sake of the color, *en masse*, but considered as single specimens they are not any better than they should be. I only mention Honorabilis, seen in so many gardens, to beg you to avoid it.

Between these more or less distinct colorings, there is a long procession of many indescribable pastel shades that, blended in one rainbow mass, cause me to catch my breath in a delight so keen as to be almost pain. Sparte, Tecumseh, Isolene, Punxatawny, Quaker-Lady—I wish I might list all my darlings, but the story would be far too long, and I must leave something to the catalogues.

As it is, I fear that, carried away by my enthusiasm, I have usurped too much of their prerogative. To have found, however, in some book on gardens, when my garden was new, a list of Iris backed by the personal experiences of a real enthusiast, would have given me the greatest aid as well as gratification, so in the hope that these names may help someone who desires more than the catalogues have space to give I let them stand.

In the beardless Irises I have tried the two tectorums, but the result did not in any way approximate what I had been led to expect, so I scored one on the side of the catalogue, and gave the Irises to someone who, being in the desperate frame of mind of the legendary spinster when interrogated by the owl, was willing to accept anything gratefully! Two Siberian Irises—Orientalis, an indescribable blue, deeper and more luminous than any Gentian that I ever saw, and Snow Queen, an exquisite ivory white—I would not be without for anything. That I am not in any immediate danger of any such calamity seems reasonably certain, for the plants are so strong and increase with such rapidity that I have stocked the whole neighborhood, and am at loss to know what I shall do with the next crop. Their productiveness does not in any way detract from their

desirability, however, but only adds to the charm. They are so good-tempered that one can put them anywhere. They never sulk or repine, but pursue the even tenor of their way with the greatest nonchalance, growing and blooming pleasantly, whatever Fate hands them.

Of the wonderful Japanese Irises, who belong to this branch of the family—the Apogons—the foregoing concerning their dispositions cannot be said. On the contrary, they make it most emphatic that they must be handled with the greatest politeness and consideration, and even then I have known them to take exception to some fancied slight, and avenge themselves by refusing to bloom season after season. When they are amiable, however, they are so magnificent that, in the splendor of their royal presence, one forgets the coldness and dignity with which he has been treated and forgives them everything and anything.

A whole volume would not be too much to devote to the praises of these resplendent members of the Iris world, nor acres to their cultivation, but failing acres, a little corner consecrated to a few choice specimens will yield more gratification than the same space devoted to almost any other flower, for while they increase moderately, they are not rank growers, sprawling over and engulfing

their neighbors, and they are good bloomers for the size of their plants. Again this flower is unique, in that quantity is distinctly not an asset. With any other flower I know, a dozen cut for the house are twelve times better than one, but with the Japanese Iris, one blossom in a flat crystal bowl, with a very little of its leafage, is thoroughly satisfying—two, ostentatious—and three, antagonistic and ineffective, killing each other, like too many jewels on the same hand at once. Even the room where they are placed should be for the time being a shrine, containing no other flower, or the effect is weakened. Heavenly as they are, they seem to me, however, almost too aloof and splendid, and have not the glamor—the spirit-arresting quality—that I find in a great sheaf of the Iris germanica.

The cultivation of the Iris is a very simple matter, and consists mainly in a policy of letting well enough alone. A little bone meal and wood-ashes occasionally if the soil looks hungry, and sometimes a dose of lime in small quantity, will be gratefully accepted and acknowledged gracefully in stronger growth and larger bloom. Dividing of the roots when they become too crowded for comfort is essential. In the germanica—by which we mean the Pogoniris—the rhizomes

should be allowed to show themselves above the earth if an inclination of that sort is indicated. Too deep planting, or a sympathetic covering of roots that have crept into the light, is to show a mistaken kindness akin to that displayed by overzealous spectators, in pulling the fat lady, alighting backwards from the train, back on again, station after station, under the impression that she was just embarking! Covered too deeply, they smother, and are more prone to develop that dread disease which seems the only enemy of the Iris, that strange and inexplicable decay. My heart gives a sudden leap—and then stops completely, when, walking among my flowers, my steps are arrested by a faint, pale gleam of yellow, waving at me from the very tip of a silvery gray-green leaf. I fall on my knees, afternoon toilette or morning gingham alike disregarded, and begin at once a breathless investigation. Emissaries within sound of my distracted voice are sent flying hither and yon, collecting trowels and knives, ashes and lime. If my worst fears are realized—and they usually are—up comes the poor plant, and is carved ruthlessly, the earth removed and replaced with well-limed soil, the old earth and the decayed roots carefully burned. Sometimes I save the poor plant, sometimes not. If left wholly

alone, however, to work out its own salvation, as advised by a professional acquaintance of local eminence, who goes about wrapped in amusement as in a garment over the antics of amateurs, the result is quite as problemical, only more lingering. They seldom quite die, but often, especially in the case of the rarer and more delicate ones, grow less and less, never blooming, for several seasons before the battle is finally won, meanwhile living a silent reproach to you for your apparently hard-hearted inaction. No one seems to have a name or a remedy for the trouble. My friend just quoted tells me that, at first worrying over it, but discovering that it rarely killed the whole of any root he decided that it was Nature's way of reducing the surplus!—a naïve idea that has never quite satisfied me. Especially is this true since I discovered one day in the course of my first-aid surgery, one instance where Nature had called to her assistance a remarkably fat and formidable looking grub, who had ensconced himself for a long, undisturbed, untroubled sojourn, snugly buried in the root, never dreaming that poor frightened Iris, horrified in every shrinking nerve, was signaling a desperate S.O.S. from the upper windows.

But in the main I have been most happy and

successful in the cultivation of my own particular rainbows. In Iris time I am like a bee in a clover field, dazed and drugged by the rich table set before me, and wander up and down my garden paths in a happy dream. Yesterday a new and hitherto unseen blossom made good the extravagant promise of the printed page—to-morrow an old friend will again assure me that my ardent memories were not half the thrilling reality—to-day a whole glorious company join in the soft melting chorus that, long months, I have been listening for, haunted by poignant memories of impossible beauty. Poems—paintings—music—nectar—all this they are to me, through their all-too-short season, and when it is passed, once more turning to the other flowers, with real affection and appreciation, beneath it all I subconsciously await the time when those voices shall sing to me again.

CHAPTER IV

THE PEONY

IF this should ever, through some unhappy chance, meet the eye of the Ogre—which Heaven forbid—he will be transfixed with horror and astonishment at the revelations it contains. The dark secret of his past has lain so long buried in oblivion, that I am convinced that he himself has at last succeeded in forgetting it. He never dreams, apparently, that he—he who eyes more or less askance this consuming obsession that threatens to engulf me wholly—is really at the bottom of the whole affair; that it was he that pushed me, walking unconsciously along the perilous edge of the precipice, ignorant of the gulf yawning at my feet, over the brink; that it was his hand that set the match to the fuse that kindled this whole roaring conflagration. Though I never liked the sound of that notorious assertion attributed to the father of all gardeners (regarding it as an undignified example of hiding behind another's skirts), the exigencies of the occasion, plus the fact that the Ogre doesn't wear skirts,

seem to make it permissible to mutilate it here: *The man tempted me, and I did eat.*

Thus runs the tale: Once upon a time, long years ago, on a lovely summer afternoon, the Ogre and I embarked and hoisted sail for a drive—a real drive, behind a pair of steady old nags, Henry having not yet burst his chrysalis, his gift to mankind being still undreamed of. With us we took a couple of friends, for in those ancient days people had friends, and were not ashamed to share their simple pleasures with them. Driving for many, many miles—quite ten, I should think—through lovely fields and woodland, we finally came out in a little clearing at the very end of the world, just as sunset painted and made beautiful an old, tumbled-down, deserted shanty, set in its garden, a wild tangle of weeds and choked and neglected old-fashioned perennials. Its last rays fell, and lingered lovingly upon a brave and loyal Peony, that, drowning in this sad welter of neglect, still had the courage to put forth, all unseen and uncared-for, a profusion of dazzling blossoms. The Ogre, with a wild whoop of enthusiasm, abandoned in that moment all the traditions of a hitherto blameless life. I myself who beheld it can hardly believe it, in the face of the unfailing rectitude of his existence both

before and since, but it only goes to prove the doctrine of original sin—that there is bad in all of us only awaiting the occasion. Throwing me the reins and leaping from the "team"—(this occurred in New England)—he, aided and encouraged by his friend, swiped that Peony.

Home we drove in the gathering twilight, somewhat oppressed by weight of crime, the poor victim of our onslaught sadly and reproachfully hanging its head—and planted it next morning in guilty silence in a sunny corner. There it grew and flourished, but in dignified refusal to bloom, for years. The Ogre, passing by on the other side and resolutely ignoring it, tried hard to forget his lapse from dignity and virtue, and I think, succeeded. The Peony after years of withdrawn silence, finally deciding that we had been punished enough, and that if it had to live with us it might as well make the best of it, covered itself one day once more with glorious bloom. Seeing it, suddenly within me stirred the until now dormant spirit of my ancestors, a long line of enthusiastic floral amateurs. The moth discovered the flame—my garden was born—and Nemesis, camping so long on the trail of the poor Ogre, finally caught up with him.

To-day, divided many times, that Peony forms

the nucleus of my Peony garden. Once each year a huge mass of its exquisite American-Beauty bloom radiant under the electric light, fills the whole house with its generous sweet fragrance. I have many more valuable and more admired Peonies now, but none whose loss I should regret so much as this. My friends regard my enthusiastic devotion to it with some bewilderment, for I must admit it is neither a large Peony, nor especially well-shaped, but of a color, in sun or electric light, and of a perfume unsurpassed—not to mention the associations!

Were it not for the coming of the Peonies, the passing of the Iris would leave me inconsolable, but one treads upon the heels of the other so closely that I cannot have the stubbornness to remain uncomforted in the face of such great beauty. The splendor of the Peony is more material than that of the Iris, but splendor incarnate it is no one can deny. The hard rains beat it badly, the hot sun rushes its blooms too fast, and the season at best is tragically short, but in those few weeks of ecstatic rapture we forget past waiting or future bereavement, or remembering feel that our moment in the Elysian fields of fulfillment is worth it all.

The little Pæonia tenuifolia comes very early,

showing an eagerness bordering on rashness, and sometimes bitterly repented in blighted buds. Mine, the single, lifts its crimson cups against a background of mauve-pink Persian Lilac, is flanked with clumps of blue Iris, and at its feet clouds of feathery Lychnis viscaria lift their rosy faces. The combination is very arresting, even in Iris time when there is so much of dazzling radiance on every hand. And one of the most transporting color effects I know is the just unfolding crimson blossom of Augustin d'Hour, raised to salute the last dying moments of the lovely purple Iris Trojana, seen through the softly falling summer rain.

That summer rain!—Alas, so seldom it falls softly! Rather, it beats and storms and blusters, and falls like lead upon my heart, as well as on the delicate blooms outside beating them to earth. I confess that the length of the skirt worn by Mme. LaMode still seems to me of tragic importance, and that hats have for me an absolutely irresistible lure—that a toper struggling to pass the inviting doorway of some bar-room whence seductive odors were once wafted forth, had never a harder time than I do, fighting my way past the compelling window of a milliner. Hence for this reason—as well as a few others—there is not so much money

for gardens as there will be fifty years or so from now, when I have cast off the shackles of convention and risen above frivolities of that sort. Then I shall have perforated pipes laid beneath the Peonies, so that the little rootlets hearing the booming thunder may not, feeling defrauded of their rights, die of chagrin, and I shall buy hundreds of stout umbrellas with long strong handles to protect my poor blossoms from the beating of the storms that, lying in wait behind their clouds for that particular moment when my choicest blooms are out, take a fiendish satisfaction in falling upon their defenseless heads with buffeting fury. The neighbors, who already consider me mildly though harmlessly insane, on beholding this will no doubt telephone to the police station, but before my incarceration behind the bars of the asylum, I shall have the satisfaction of foiling the elements for once. Three successive days of heavy pelting rain, just at the height of the Peony season last year, laid waste my garden and my heart.

On account of the devastation of the storms, and the price of hats, and various other reasons too uninteresting to mention, I do not go in for the real aristocrats of the Peony kingdom but, leaving them for the plutocrats, have found among the

more humble varieties some of such resplendent beauty that they seem to leave little to be desired. Edulis superba the catalogue condescendingly assures us is a good commercial variety, but I have found it most attractive domestically speaking also—a cheerful little thing, very early and prolific. Festiva maxima is a wholesome and beautiful flower, and a sturdy bloomer with no nonsense about it. It is a trifle too reflexed for my absolute approval, as I am more fond of the cupped shapes, but it is extremely good, nevertheless, if one is not hypercritical as I frequently realize I am. But I have no criticism at hand for Eugenie Verdier. She thrills me and leaves absolutely nothing to be desired. I hang over her cup intoxicated with her beauty. And her cousin Eugene Verdier is almost as irresistible. Alice and Felix Crousse and Monsieur and Madame Jules Elie should not be omitted from any list, however small. Madame Ducell, Albatre, Livingstone, and Milton Hill are indescribably lovely. My own list is much too long for such a small garden, but I cannot resist the lure of new names and fascinating descriptions. If you are able, confine yourself to those I have mentioned, as many of each as you have room for, with the addition perhaps of Monsieur Krelage and the

lovely Souvenir de Exposition Universelle, and Marie Lemoine. In them you have examples of all the most-to-be-desired colorings and types, as far as my experience goes.

The single types, of late just coming into their own, are most fascinating. La Fiancée, not in the least like a great white water lily, still for some incomprehensible reason always makes you think of one when you behold her. The pinks in this type unless selected with great discrimination are apt to show a friendly feeling for magenta, which I cannot pardon. I have banished many for this crime, but those who are free from its pernicious influence are exquisite. I enjoy my little corner of them extremely, but contrary to my usual feeling about single versus double flowers, I would not exchange the latter for the former in this instance if it were a question of a choice between them.

The Japanese varieties are in vogue just now and are the most adorable and intriguing things, for the most part single. But they, too, have to be chosen with the greatest care if one is fastidious as to color. When they are right they are perfect, though not with a perfection that holds you breathless as the best Chinese ones do. Though not comparable in any way with the Japanese Iris,

having more diablerie than dignity—more like little Geishas to their Mikados—they have for me a little of that same quality of aloofness, as if they did not speak your language, although indeed understanding it very well. One advantage these Peonies have which must be the eternal envy of the Chinese varieties—they and the single ones endure our heavy devastating storms with much greater equanimity, bobbing up serenely after the storm has passed, almost unharmed.

If I had an enormous garden, that important branch of this family, the Tree Peony, should have an honored place in it, but as it is I have definitely put them out of my mind as being too florid and conspicuous for any environment that I could offer them. My garden is essentially a cosy garden, not a show place, and they would resent being incarcerated in such humble surroundings, quite as much as I in my turn should resent their flaming ostentation, no matter how well merited I might secretly admit it to be.

The culture of the Peony is so satisfyingly simple that it hardly needs mentioning. The soil thoroughly prepared for their inception, they may be left undisturbed for years, the longer the better as they very much object to being moved.

If for any reason this should be necessary it should be done in the late autumn, never in the spring, and above all things never in blooming time. Beyond loosening the soil about their roots occasionally—with great care, this, lest the flower eyes so near the surface should be injured—and keeping them free from weeds, they may be left severely alone, as they do not resent neglect so much as they do well meant kindness. Like the Iris, they seem to have no enemies in Nature, but also like the Iris, the root is subject sometimes to that horrible decay, that freezes my heart when I discover unmistakable evidence of its much dreaded presence in a drooping shaft of green. Unlike the Iris they may not be rushed to the emergency hospital at a moment's notice, but must await the proper time for transplanting, and any medicine strong enough to cure the evil will kill the plant. So I suffer all summer as keenly as they do, watching leaf after leaf droop and die, realizing that it is no doubt my fault in having fed them too much, and hoping they do not think that my inaction has its root in a callous indifference. It is far better as I know now from sad experience to err on the side of giving them too little than too much food. For years at a time they will grow and bloom luxuriantly with practi-

cally none, if the soil has been properly prepared at their first planting.

Beautiful anywhere, they show to best advantage along a driveway, or massed against a background of shrubbery, and not broken too much with other flowers, though I could not resist the temptation to put a few clumps of Iris among mine, with very good results. Aconitum grows admirably with them, as it does not mind their shade, has very little leafage of its own, and its late bloom enhances with wonderful effect the color in their autumn foliage. One of the finest harmonies in the whole garden is created by the glowing amaranth of Phlox, B. Comte, the brilliant blue of Aconitum Wilsonii, and the dull reds and bronzes of the Peony foliage, vibrating under the magic touch of the warm sun of late September.

CHAPTER V

A JAR OF POTPOURRI

THE technique of Rose-growing is a wide and bewildering sea, but while there are many who have charted its dangerous reefs and know its depths and shallows, there are many more who float serenely on its bosom, indifferent to what shoals and quicksands lie beneath, as long as the boat goes. That I am one of that multitude of Rose-growers who lazily hugs the shore getting what satisfaction and pleasure I can out of a rather narrow outlook, and not risking a voyage into unknown waters of such fascination, I cheerfully admit. In other words, I am in the same category with that notorious imbecile in the art gallery, the father of all Bromides, who knew nothing about pictures but knew what he liked. I feel a great sympathy for him, for I, more or less ignorant on the subject of Rose-growing, am still prepared to defend what I like with my last breath if you too do not find it satisfying when you come into my garden in Rose time.

It seems to me deplorable that the Hybrid

Perpetuals have been of late almost wholly neglected in exploiting their lovely sisters, the Hybrid Teas. This is, of course, largely on account of their brief season, but that seems a wholly insufficient reason. We regret certainly the short duration of the Iris or the Peony, but do not for a moment consider dropping one morsel of their beloved bloom from our garden lists on that account. The Hybrid Perpetual Rose is quite as invaluable as these, and has quite as long a time of blooming—in some cases longer—and should have an exalted place in every garden, considered wholly apart from the other branches of its family.

Frankly, while I am willing to nurse a favorite through a critical illness, I do not like to humor constitutionally delicate plants. I prefer those that are strong and wholesome and constant, that I can meet as friends on equal terms, and I have found plenty of that sort that are exquisitely beautiful as well. To an extent a disciple of non-covering, I believe more or less in the survival of the fittest, and frequently it appears that among my Hybrid Teas, even the fittest has not survived! I will admit that, heavenly as they are, I often turn from their sensitive and delicate loveliness to my bed of Hybrid Perpetuals with much the same sensation of comfort and stability that I

bring from a society tea to the warm peace and rest of the home dinner table.

It is hard to say which I consider my best Hybrid Perpetual. I have chosen only a few and those carefully and feel most loyal to them all. For the most part they are the old favorites that we are all familiar with. Jacqueminot is not there, which is rather radical of me I know but it, with most other reds, annoys me by turning an ugly purple just when it gets old enough to know better. My best red is Gloire de Chedane Guinoisseau—a lovely Rose whose only drawback lies in the dread moment when someone asks me its name! "Alphonse" the Ogre calls it, by way of throwing me a rope when he sees me going down for the third time, it being rather a favorite of his also. Magna Charta and Paul Neyron, those good old stand-bys, are there of course—several of them—Frau Druschki and George Arends, her lovely pink brother, and Clio. Heinrich Munch, Anne de Diesbach, Margaret Dickson, and J. B. Clark complete my list, though I know there are many others equally beautiful and desirable.

Measured by the standards of form and color, and desirability too, Conrad F. Meyer, which one can hardly believe is really a Rugosa, belongs in this list. It is a very wonderful and desirable Rose,

but very difficult to keep within bounds. Being instructed not to prune mine, I allowed them to grow undisciplined, except for bending over the branches and tying them securely to the arbor. The side growth resulting from this treatment has attained a height of over twenty feet and is still going strong, apparently vying with Jack's Bean-stalk for a place in history, but of an excruciating thorniness that would render climbing somewhat painful. They seem to be virtually a pillar Rose, though not so designated in the catalogues, but difficult to manage as I find them, I am so enthusiastic about them that I expect to keep on struggling with them indefinitely. If I had only been forewarned of their "' orrid 'abits" I could have given them a more appropriate environment, but now they are too large to move and so both of us must make the best of it.

Could I have but one Rose in my garden, that one would be the Climbing American Beauty, and I am so hypnotized by its charm that I almost believe that the second would be another of the same sort—unnecessary that, however, as the one root I have, furnished so many blooms last year, that I had at one time over a hundred in the house, and many more given to friends. Its form is good and its color, especially under artifi-

cial light, thrilling. It is a thoroughly satisfactory flower, and has for a once-blooming Rose a long season, beginning with the earliest and finishing with the latest climbing Rose. Its growth is not so rampant as some I have, but that may be because of its heavy blooming. But it is strong and healthy and has never, so far, suffered from any blight or insects.

American Pillar stands easily second on my list of climbers. I supposed it would always be first, as it was until American Beauty decided to enter the lists and became an easy winner, but that is nothing against American Pillar. It is a very strong and vigorous grower and is covered in season with enormous trusses of magnificent single bright-rose blooms which have all the appeal of the wild Rose by the wayside, raised to the *n*th power. There is no Rose in its class of single Roses to equal it as far as my experience goes. Silver Moon, unfortunately for its reputation, is planted on the same arbor. I suppose that is really a lovely Rose, but the contrast is too much for it in my opinion, and I hardly give it a second glance. I am bound to say that with the nonchalance of the well-bred it displays no poignant regret at that, but swarms indifferently over everything. Between that and Dorothy Perkins,

I have a very hard time saving the lives of my favorites in the limited spaces of my arbors. I confess to having no patience at all with Dorothy Perkins or any of her class. I can see nothing admirable about her—even her name annoys me. I am aware that I am giving the lie to my former statement about wholesomeness, but she must be the exception that proves the rule, and if that may not be admitted as evidence in my behalf I am delighted to declare that she does mildew very badly!

And now how shall I explain or excuse my perverse fondness for her sister, Crimson Rambler, that most maligned and despised climber! I am so ashamed of my weakness that I have hidden her as far as possible—as one hides a light under a bushel—in the Italian garden. But there I go in season, and bear enormous branches into the house, where in the dull brass *jardinières* so lately graced by the iridescent shimmer of aristocratic Iris, boastfully flaunting their brilliant yet soft tones, they blaze forth defiance, and make up in one brief glorious week for their long months of ignominious occupation of screening the poultry-yard of a neighbor from our reluctant gaze. Let no one convince you that Excelsa is better, or even just as good. I have found no Rose of its

color better than the old and faithful Crimson Rambler, the oldest climber in my garden, ruthlessly snaked from its moorings four times—each time to a less desirable situation—and still as cheerful and pleasant about it as can be.

Tausendschoen has always been a great favorite of mine, but so often her blooms look washed out that I believe I like Rosiere better. It is the same type of rose, but a little stronger in color though not so strong in growth. The two are extremely good together. Dr. Van Fleet is in this corner also and is rather misplaced. It would be more effective next American Beauty, not as a rival, nor even as a companion—rather as a pale faint sweet echo, emphasizing the other. It is of the same type, but not so large or so full, and opens too flatly and too quickly for me to feel real enthusiasm over it. It is a beautiful, if pale, tone however, and has extremely attractive foliage.

This completes the story of my arbors, and I think were I to begin my garden over again, the list of these would be shorter rather than longer. A white Dorothy, not even as agreeable as her sister, and Trier, insignificant though sweet—was the name a pun I wonder?—are still waiting to be mentioned, but are being eyed askance by me and must feel that their days are numbered. In

place of the pink Dorothy I mean some day to put Christine Wright, and where is now the white I am anxious to try Emily Gray, described in the catalogue as a dream of beauty. But one must not forget to make allowance for the optimism of the catalogues. Witness Dr. Van Fleet. And from what one reads in them, who would ever dream how hopelessly inferior in every way is Hiawatha, the prototype of American Pillar?

I have no really satisfactory excuse ready at the moment for not liking Polyantha Roses, of which variety there are several specimens in the garden, taking space much needed for things which have more rapport for me. They are, to speak without prejudice, charming little things, the most constant and cheerful bloomers imaginable from early June until snow flies, and bobbing up cheerfully after the worst of winters unscathed. I think they are perhaps almost too sweet, like saccharine, and remind me of that *bête noire* we all number among our acquaintances—that particularly galling one, who always sees something good in everybody, and the bright side of everything, and so gets on our nerves as to drive us through sheer perversity into saying dreadful things we never meant at all. I turn my back firmly on the corner—my Pollyanna corner!—

where, pretty and simpering and cocksure, they are growing, but growing beautifully less every day through being bestowed with great apparent reluctance upon Jake the Faithful, as a sort of special D.S.O. for some heroic act. Mme. Jules Gouchault and Mrs. Cutbush, the least objectionable of the lot, are being saved until the last, and are occasionally, other flowers failing, pressed into service as a gift when, I trust, they receive all the enthusiastic appreciation they feel that they deserve but do not get at home.

Longer I may not delay the story of my Hybrid Teas—the sad story of the death of kings! By strenuous effort, both physical and financial, I generally contrive to have three each of my favorite varieties, much as the enterprising housewife kept three cooks—one coming, one going, and one there. La Tosca, a beautiful exception to this rule, which I did not care for much at first, but feel a great fondness and appreciation for now, has been with me four seasons, and some Radiance bushes have just finished their third, and still are happy and contented. J. L. Mock, one of my greatest favorites, is also fairly strong. But Ophelia, Lady Alice Stanley, Pharisaer, Florence Pemberton, Belle Siebert, and Lady Ursula, none of which I could possibly exist with-

out, rarely come through the winter in good condition, and I buy them every season, having given up the struggle. They may live, but are much enfeebled by their efforts and never give me as good blooms as new ones do. The same is true of course of the lovely Cochets which, being Teas only, no one expects anything else of but which often surprise me by proving as strong as the Hybrids. Laurent Carle—so lovely in the rain—and Kaiserin Augusta, and Caroline Testout, though lauded in the catalogues as being especially hardy, abandon all their traditions when they find themselves in my garden, and it is a joyful surprise when they greet me in the spring in good condition. Of course our springs are remorseless: sometimes alive to their very tips, the anticipated storms and stress of winter bravely endured, the poor Roses, expanding with innocent joy and relief in the warmth of those hateful, misplaced June days that so often overflow from Nature's basket in mid-March, perish of shocked amazement at the rough impact of those cruel, ravening frosts of early April. Those harrowing days of untimely heat, followed by unreasonable cold, spell real tragedy to me and I wander about the house refusing to be comforted or even to look out of the windows. A real Spartan under these

trying conditions and one that I know will not fail me is Grüs an Teplitz, who endures any hardship with perfect equanimity and is always a darling spot of color in the garden, being almost never out of bloom.

Of the relative merits of budded and own-root Roses, I am not qualified to speak as I have always confined myself to the former. Having tried many times, unsuccessfully, to root cuttings from favorite Roses, I have made a virtue of necessity and have decided that the catalogues were right in championing budded stock. I find it does not take many of the prolific and gracious Hybrid Teas to fill both house and garden with exquisite bloom all summer, so abandoning undue efforts to preserve them, I philosophically fill in each spring the gaps that have been imposed upon my beds by the ravages of winter. I know of no such satisfaction that the same amount of money would bring me expended in any other direction.

Of course I must not close this chapter without giving quantities of counsel on fertilizers and pests and blights and all that sort of thing, in order to be strictly conventional and satisfying, but I find myself signally unfitted to give advice of that sort, because I am never troubled with insects or blight among my Roses, although I can-

not say the same of the rest of the garden. I trust I am not throwing down the gauntlet to challenge some malign Jinx, when I say that I have never seen a Rose-bug in my garden—but I am knocking wood! I have long foresworn "patent medicines," but am most enthusiastic over the potency of soapsuds made from ordinary laundry soap which, applied thoroughly each week, keep the foliage luxuriant and untouched by enemies. Whale-oil soap championed by many is also good but unnecessary, as I have found the common household variety quite as efficacious and much more agreeable to use.

For fertilizer I have had the best success with a weak solution of liquid manure which I use largely all through my gardens now, having suffered much annoyance formerly from the inevitable dissemination of seeds which invariably accompanies the use of manure in its natural state. Frequent applications of this are supplemented whenever it seems advisable by small doses of bone meal mixed with wood-ashes and dug into the roots. Black-spot, once my greatest bugbear, now rarely appears. It is an extremely contagious disease, and at the first symptom I cut the victim ruthlessly back almost to the root, burning all the foliage whether apparently affected

or not, and strenuously apply the soapsuds in a trifle stronger solution to the remainder of the plant. I am aware that this sounds absurdly simple, like bathing in the river Jordan, but so far the result has been invariably successful, although I have never bragged about it before. I have absolutely stopped the infection which formerly, appearing in one, would ravage every bed, and the plants treated in this radical manner have frequently given me larger and later bloom than any of the others.

I wish I might protest against the custom, popular among so many, of putting other flowering plants among the Roses, or of edging the beds with incongruous little flowers which, no matter how lovely they may be in themselves, are wholly incompatible with the Rose. I scrupulously keep my rose-beds sacred to roses only; even the Gladiolus, which I love to stick about anywhere and everywhere else, dares not lift his head there. For one reason, no other flower seems compatible or congenial with the Rose, which definitely prefers to stand alone and needs no assistance in maintaining the beauty of its kingdom, whether in bouquet or garden; and being always in bloom, there seems no reasonable excuse for inflicting unnecessary companionship upon it. For another,

their beds, bare of alien growth are so easily and satisfactorily cultivated. After each rain, it is a joy to groom the empty spaces between the Rose plants, making the "dust-mulch" that they love, as one could not do if the beds were an untidy jumble of all sorts of unsympathetic flowers. I do not insist that the Rose is the most beautiful of all the flowers, although of course I think so, but I do contend that it seems at odds and inharmonious with any other flower, and should stand alone to be at its happiest. It works so untiringly in our service, and gives us so much joy, that we should surely be willing to make its kingdom as happy as we can, and grant it freedom from annoying companionship within its own domain.

CHAPTER VI

THE MIDSUMMER GARDEN

MIDSUMMER—and madness, I suppose, lurking round every corner, though I am far too lazy and contented to look for it. Great shimmering waves of heat float over the garden at noonday, and one's eyes seek refuge in dusky shaded corners, where the restful green of ferns beckons, and the white garden seat, gleaming against the evergreens, invites. But on days like these the garden is most to be enjoyed from the cooler vantage ground of the veranda, so there I ensconce myself with books and iced tea, keeping one eye meanwhile upon Jake, pottering about in more or less sulky solitude. I have somewhat spoiled him, *ce Petit—petit* now, though once tall and strong, now bent and gnarled, brought to this pass by sixty years of unremitting devotion to his mistress, Flora. Getting a perspective of him, I feel that I must take warning! Once or twice of late, long on my knees before my garden beds, I have felt a strange reluctance to leap to my feet creeping subtly over me, a desire to dally

and negotiate the matter with due regard to the consideration of the feelings of certain muscles that hitherto I had always treated most cavalierly. Seeing Jake from a distance brings home to me the fact that there can be too much of a good thing, and so, having comfortably justified myself, I take another sip, lie back in my *chaise-longue*, and turn the page.

I do not suppose the strength of my position occurs to Jake, so much depends upon the point of view—how much, I never fully realized until it was brought home to me with startling clearness some days ago, on seeing a published photograph of Mt. Washington, taken from an airplane. There it lies—that road whose pictured semblance I cannot behold without a shudder—lies like a ribbon on the floor dropped by a careless hand, like the last piece of spaghetti on your plate in an Italian restaurant. You could no more fall off that mountain than you could off my garden. But if you have ever tried it in a motor car you would thoroughly appreciate, with me, the uncanny power vested in point of view. I have been a broader minded person since I saw that photograph. Between an airplane and a motor car lies an infinite and incomprehensible gulf of opinion, realizing which, I have not been able to feel really

secure in my position on anything, and so cannot wholeheartedly blame Jake if he thinks that the garden needs my help too.

But by midsummer it does seem as if the battle should be won, that battle waged so manfully for weeks on weeks against insects and diseases and weeds, and instead, it appears to be only begun. Frequent journeys to the soapsuds reservoir for the Roses, frequent benediction of the Phloxes with beneficent clouds of sulphur, frequent trips to the Chrysanthemums with ladybugs, by the Infant, pressed into the service through playing skillfully upon his vulnerable spot, his love of pets—all these and countless other things become more and more essential, as one hot and rainless day succeeds another. And under these apparently unfavorable conditions how the weeds grow and flourish, and, often escaping our vigilance, seemingly in a night flower and seed!

There are moments in July and August when my name is Frankenstein and my garden a veritable monster that I have unwittingly created, and I yearn to sow everything—everything except the little Rose garden—to nice cool, green, all-smothering grass. But these unworthy thoughts I lock carefully within my breast, realizing full

well that they are only transient—that, born of that midsummer madness we have been led to expect, they will soon pass, and that in the meantime the Ogre must not get an inkling of them to use as a handle and a justification for undue argument, when catalogue season comes round again.

And that unworthy mood does pass, and quickly —no later indeed than that same evening, walking down the paths of that enigmatic spot, now cool and sweet and full of heavenly odors and sights and sounds. To soothe my troubled conscience, on one hand the Hollyhocks rise tall and stately, with Canterbury Bells in all the tones of pink and white and purple chords at their feet, and groups of Phlox Miss Lingard strike a clear high note in antiphony with Candidum Lilies and the blue Delphinium, against the screen of soft pink Ramblers. On the other, Gladioli and Stokesia and Shasta Daisies, opening wide-eyed in the gathering dusk, edge the velvet carpet of the lawn where stands the bird-bath, deserted now, but dripping still with evidence of past joys to be renewed to-morrow. On the soft air is flung the subtle fragrance of Monarda, and clusters of the white summer Hydrangea shine like little torches, illuminating the fast falling twilight of

the shrubbery. Seeing all this, I can but wonder at the shameless thoughts bred by the sun, and expiate my crime by slaying an insolent weed here and there and vowing to mend my ways to-morrow. And in the morning, cutting baskets of dewy bloom to shelter them in the cool sanctuary of the house from the too-ardent kiss of the midday sun, I have only room for emotions of great joy and thankfulness for the peace and happiness found in the heart of a garden of flowers.

I cannot imagine why so many think that a perennial garden fails and becomes empty in midsummer. True, I turn more or less to the annual garden for cutting, but only because it is there, and must not feel neglected, not because it is necessary. This is the time when the Hybrid Teas sustain the reputation of the Rose family, and for these two months I use only these flowers in the dining room, masses of their cool delicate tones in silver bowls, or on a very hot day, one perfect bloom with bud in a cool crystal pool. The Ramblers last through July, and the Japanese Iris nearly through, and Foxgloves, Peachbells, and Lilies of all sorts make glad this month and most of August, though long before August is over, Phlox paniculata has taken the responsibility

of maintaining the reputation of the garden off their hands in most competent, if self-satisfied, fashion. Platycodon grandiflorum is a fascinating flower, gay with an impish diablerie that strikes a responsive chord in me. It is planted with Phlox Pantheon and the demure Elizabeth Campbell, near some pink Hollyhocks, and the whole garden seems to listen on tiptoe to the lively stories going on in that quarter all day. Heuchera is one of the sweetest, daintiest flowers in the whole world—I have tried very hard in my schemes for elimination to do without that, but cannot manage it—and in the Italian garden, Coreopsis and Gaillardia and Tiger Lilies shriek gay defiance at the red Balm until they have finally screamed it down, and the enemy subdued, dwell in peace with each other and the Achillea, which apparently the acme of refinement, is here incarcerated for the crime of being too ambitious—in short, a "pusher."

This month you may have quantities of Gypsophila and Boltonia if you want them. I do not, nor the summer Hyacinth, which I tried and found wanting in all those qualities which appeal to me. There is a Hemerocallis which blooms now and which I am very fond of, but may not have because I have so little room for yellows.

Some time I shall have a yellow garden—with accents of blue and purple—but as yet I must limit myself, the Italian garden being full, to those sorts that bloom in early spring or late autumn, when pinks and crimsons do not give the dominant note in my color scheme. There are innumerable yellow flowers that I adore, but cannot make harmonious with the rest of the garden. I often wish this were not *so* vital a principle with me. I know so many otherwise perfectly moral and wholly exemplary people, who seem to be absolutely free from the cramping fetters that bind me to the chariot wheels of color harmonies. They write floral *vers libre*, paint impressionistic pictures on the canvass of their gardens, play on my optic nerve the discordant chords of the latest jazz—I envy them their freedom, and admire the courage with which they flaunt their convictions, but I do not admire their gardens, and as yet my spirit has not been granted the vision, nor my flesh the power, to follow in their footsteps.

I have an otherwise delightful neighbor, with whom I occasionally exchange jocose insults over our respective gardens. When I beg her, almost with tears, to remove her Oriental Poppies from the breast of a La France Rose, she tells me

blithely that she is as superior to me as a professional is to an amateur—that the former never worries over the mere question of color. The words rankle because I know them to be true. I have never seen in the garden of a poor rich man, the slightest attention paid to color; he displays his garden proudly to me without the slightest conception of anything lacking. He patronizes me to his heart's content, but I go back into my little garden with no envy in my heart—only a great wonder, and we are both happy—another instance of the tempering of the wind. At all events, if I am my own gardener, my garden is my own.

In these months I do any necessary transplanting or dividing of the Iris germanica, and the other early blooming flowers, such as Phlox divaricata, or the lovely little Anemone sylvestris, and sow the seeds of the Campanula Medium in some spot where the hot sun of late summer will not fall upon them all day and wither the tender young growth. Digitalis and Delphinium will seed themselves all too thoroughly, without any assistance from human hands, also Hollyhocks as a rule, though I like to plant a few of the latter to make assurance doubly sure. But the Canterbury Bell is more difficult. Many times owing

to its irritating characteristics I have sworn to repudiate this flower, but every year when its forces, panoplied in full war paint, march down upon me I am reconquered and surrender ignominiously. I have some lovely tones of pink and rose and pale azure which I have been able to preserve in their purity by making small bags of a very thin net in pink and blue, and tying them securely about the necks of those individual bells that seem best fitted through their perfection for the perpetuation of the color. It is quite as adequate and much less conspicious than tying up the whole stalk as I have frequently seen done. One or two bells furnish seed enough and are not noticeable or disfiguring, and by choosing the first opening ones, they ripen almost before the whole stalk has finished blooming, so that it may be removed as soon as it becomes unattractive. The purples and the white do not need this treatment, as one always has enough of them, and though not tying up my whole pink stalk I have some pink among them, too, but it does not do to leave this to chance as, left alone, flowers will revert to type and the original Canterbury Bell is purple.

I am very fond of Campanula persicifolia (the white only) and always had supposed that to be

perennial, but have been forced, through losing great clumps year after year, to regard it also as a biennial if I wished to have it in any quantity, so I now sow this also in the nursery each year. Of this same family, the Chimney bell-flower (pyramidalis) has been much lauded, but as far as I am concerned, it is *persona non grata*. It looks like a Yucca out of luck, and I do not like any flower that I am obliged to feel sorry for, opposing a hard-hearted shield of negation to the theory that pity is akin to love. I would much prefer them to patronize me, as indeed they frequently do! But best of all it is to meet them on terms of equality, and there are so many that, seemingly unconscious of their loveliness, allow us to do that. There seems to me more of that friendly spirit among the midsummer and autumn flowers, than among the earlier ones, perhaps because having known and watched us longer, they realize that we mean well even though we do blunder sometimes.

There is much satisfaction and happiness to be found in a midsummer garden, and, looking over the wall at my neighbor's flowers, hanging their sad heads in neglected beauty, lacking her gay companionship, and left to the mercy of an unappreciative hireling, I am filled with thankfulness

that I am not spirited away for that change of environment and outlook deemed so essential to the health and prosperity of us all, until winter has enfolded my garden in its restful embrace.

CHAPTER VII

AN OBLIGATO AND A FEW ARPEGGIOS

SALLYING forth joyously in quest of adventure by way of celebrating some felicitous anniversary—or of making one hereafter to celebrate—which has included or had as an objective the dining at some attractive wayside or suburban eating-house, have you ever been filled as I have with bewildered wonder, tinged sometimes with the amused impatience of one, who given a chance, can manage quite successfully the affairs of the other fellow, on receiving from a slender and slightly apprehensive waiter a menu card whose length and breadth and weight of promise would tax the muscles of a Dempsey, with a chain of metropolitan hotels behind him, to carry to a successful fulfillment? And have you wondered as I have, what has inoculated these people with the mistaken idea that in great diversity and variety and expensiveness lie strength and glory—why they do not realize that a few choice dishes well cooked and expertly served would hang more laurels on their sign than a badly prepared multi-

tude of odd and extraordinary epicurean gymnastics, intended in the original inception and in the proper place only to tempt the jaded appetite of a millionaire *gourmet* and on their bill of fare only to be met with rank suspicion.

In the first place, no millionaire would ever choose those places, but if by some melancholy joke of cruel fate such as a burst tire, he found himself there, how gladly, there being none of his own kind to observe and jeer, would he take refuge in real food, perhaps a beefsteak and a bottle—I should say a cup of coffee. If those should happen to be exceptionally excellent, how loudly, all shame forgotten in his satisfaction, would he blazon forth the charms of that small restaurant, its fortune made from that hour. And how much easier a reputation built on a nicely browned chicken would be to sustain, than on all the hazardous intricacies of things under glass and burlesques of French foods. Through a menu like that most of us poor hungry souls wander in an inferno of bewilderment, and finally selecting in desperation, as did the stranger in the foreign restaurant, the first and the last items, find we have drawn the equivalent of his soup and toothpick, and like him fare forth unsatisfied,

You are wondering long before this what all

this has to do with flowers, but, to explain, I cherish much of this same feeling anent the flower catalogues. The substantials of course we must have—the soup and the roast, and certainly the salad and a sweet, and some of us even demand caviar and an olive or two and a bit of cheese. Or to abandon so material a comparison, the orchestra must have the violins and the cellos and the horns, nor is it by any means complete without the clear sweet notes of many wood-winds playing an obligato, punctuated by the occasional deep voices of the drums—but why this host of jews-harps and harmonicas and accordions and tambourines that we poor laymen, not recognizing their character until too late. must needs experiment with and so make of our symphony a deplorable, if temporary, hodge-podge. Why make the woods so thick we cannot see the trees—why drown our bright particular planets in a Milky Way?

So many of us do not know until we have learned from sad and disconcerting experience, that Artemisia is only a thorn in the flesh and that Asclepias grows in our fields an unvalued weed; that Bocconia was created to demonstrate that flowers could be made without beauty, and Boltonia only to weed out; that Echinops looks just

like one, as Eve said of the tiger, and that Eryngium should be left in peace where Nature pitying it placed it—and so on through the whole floral alphabet between the covers of a catalogue; many lovely ones there are and also many others that I must admit some might enjoy, but alas, very many others therein exploited that I cannot bring myself to believe that, once known for what they are, there can be two opinions about. One may have of course unlimited space and a bottomless purse, a broad and inquiring mind and a charitable disposition; before this demigod I humble myself in abasement, but I still think we ordinary, discriminating people should have expurgated catalogues, and that it should not be made so fatally easy for us who are at the same time ignorant but judicial, generous to worthy objects but so blessedly limited in funds as to make some selection necessary, to stumble into error which reacts upon us in disappointment and disillusion and weariness of the spirit. My list of indispensable perennials is very short—there are, no doubt, many others that flower lovers will think should be included in it and in the two other lists which follow it, but I am confident that among them all there is not one that will strike a discordant note or prove futile.

The only at all satisfactory perennial that is courageous enough to make its appearance in April, should be encouraged, though it is a bit chilly and disheveled looking, with a sort of slept-all-night-in-the-park effect. Its name sounds warm enough, Arabis, though it is modified by *albida*, which perhaps translated means frozen Araby, that being rather what it looks like. Still it is a hardy flower, and in April, so we must make all allowances. Its companion, Bellis perennis, the English Daisy, ought to be hardy too but is not in *New* England. It is so lovely, though, that I buy it in quantities every spring to plant with the Scillas, and have dared to list it with the perennials, because the catalogues do, and because the April frosts and snows do not harm it in the least. Its rosy bloom and the clear blue of the Scillas are glad together, no matter what the weather. I am inclined to believe that treated as a biennial it might live through one winter as they do, but of course that would mean no bloom the first season and it is much easier to buy the little plants in full bloom each year.

In early May Convallaria majalis arouses my first real enthusiasm for the obligato, its lovely bells chiming in sweetest accord with every mood. One hears of many flowers that will grow where

nothing else will, but this is the only one I do believe of which that is literally true. Under trees or shrubbery or in neglected wall-corners one may fill it in anywhere, serene in the conviction that one may utterly forget it and in a year or two go back and fill the vases with exquisite tribute from those neglected spots that hitherto have yielded nothing but annoyance. Everyone loves its boon companion, Dicentra spectabilis, the graceful sprays of our old friend Bleeding-heart, which also loves the shade, but will not pleasantly endure too much neglect, leaving you abruptly if you do not occasionally give it something more substantial than an approving smile. Lime occasionally, bone meal sometimes, and wood-ashes often, are appreciated, still it is not over-exigent, and these two flowers are easily grown in any garden.

As to Lychnis Viscaria there might perhaps be more than one opinion, but I am extremely fond of it. I came upon it wholly by accident, while I was madly searching among various barbarous representatives of the mostly dreadful Lychnis family to find "Ragged Robin," a dear memory of my childhood which, finally being hunted to its lair, I discovered was after all too cerise for my adult taste, and so I adopted Vis-

caria instead. I have a suspicion that that, too, might be called cerise were it a solider heavier flower, but it is so light and feathery in character that its tone, especially at a little distance, seems like drifting mists of pure rose. It is really a perennial form of our old German "Catchfly," but is a much better color than I remember that, and a looser effect, its panicles of bloom having all the delicate charm of that fine-flowered variety of Primrose that we find in the greenhouses in late winter. It is unattractive coming, and ugly going, but the corner next the early crimson Peony blushes and vibrates with joyous appreciation during its sadly brief moment of full bloom.

Phlox divaricata, especially Laphamii, which is the bluest, is exquisite just now, and so also is Anemone sylvestris, which I regret having been so long in ignorance of while I was chasing other supposed phantoms of delight, that turned out phantoms I admit but of the kind that are far removed from delight. It is a charming flower, almost as beautiful as its cousin, Japonica—almost but not quite—and since we may not have the latter in May, sylvestris helps to console us. At this time, masses of the bright blue Flax perenne add to our happiness too, but they must not be put in the same paragraph with the Phlox

as I have just now inconsiderately done, as their intense blue steals all its share and turns it a melancholy mauve.

Anchusa Italica Dropmore is really almost a shrub, it requires so much space. The flower is very appealing, like a spray of mammoth Forget-me-nots, and it more than takes the place of that sweet but rather insignificant blossom, although its charm is much impaired for me by the coarse growth of the plant itself. Of an extremely weedy character, it overwhelms the bloom and makes it rather ineffective, but I do love the color and cannot do without the plant.

The value and beauty of Delphinium and Digitalis are so well known to everyone that I do not need to linger with them, much as I should love to; also is this true of the Campanulas, Medium and persicifolia, though the latter is not so commonly grown as I should like to see it. It is most effective in the white and like Medium should be treated as a biennial, though the catalogues do not seem to think so. Another really important perennial, once rarely seen, but lately coming into its own, is Pyrethrum, a wonderfully satisfactory plant and as hardy as it is possible to be, though of an exquisitely delicate and ethereal appearance. It comes in all the loveliest tones of

pink and rose and crimson, and a border filled with it is in blooming time most spectacular and delightful. It is a wonderful flower for cutting, keeping its freshness for days, and glows and preens itself in artificial light as a bird does in a pool of water.

An extremely dainty and ethereal cloud of color is the group of graceful, nodding Aquilegias, in which pale yellow bringing out the blues and purples still is of such softness that it does not clash with the misty notes of rose and crimson, and creates an adorable atmosphere. Delightful as I always considered them, their character was so subdued and in a way irrelevant that I once made the mistake of underrating the hold they had upon my heart. It was very difficult to get them all back again!

There is nothing at all subdued or self-effacing about the Dianthus family, at least that branch of it that we know as "Sweet William "— I always wonder where he got that absurd name and how he feels about it. William and I have a most unreasonable feud but, knowing he has many friends which are mine also, and not wishing to influence them unfairly, since the time is so limited in which he can speak for himself, I will waive the matter of our differences, and pass on to his cousin,

plumarius. An untidy little wretch this, with a sad habit of sprawling that I much deplore, having such a passion for formality, but I struggle with her bad habits as best I can for the sake of her dear little fringed or notched blossoms that, making impish little faces at me, perfume the whole room.

The very antipodes of these impertinent little denizens of the garden is found in the fierce upstanding Yucca, that all the year presents a stern, unravaged front to adversity or prosperity, alike immaterial, and in June sends up royal shafts of waxen bells of unexpected and inconsistent sweetness and charm revealing the softer side of an austere nature. They have never asked me for any sympathy, but I can never escape a feeling of almost overwhelming guilt when I look at my poor Yuccas. For years they occupied that choice site which is now my Rose garden, and grew and flourished and nearly bloomed their heads off for me, but I, unappreciative, and coveting the spot for my Roses, and having listened all too willingly to the voice of the tempter telling me that Yucca was the Mark Tapley of the floral world, and simply gloried in misfortune and poor soil and unhappy surroundings, snaked them up and put them where nothing else would grow,

against a stone wall where sun all day and almost never rain, was their unending portion. Now, wiser grown, I know that while they may continue to exist, no flower does its best in adversity. Five years ago that was, and still with their backs to the wall, they hold up undaunted heads, but plainly expecting to be shot with every sunrise, they see no use in providing any flowers for the obsequies.

There is no more fascinating flower to me than the Oriental Poppy. Even though, avenging the Yuccas, they wreak upon me much woe, I cannot forego their possession, but rise at dawn to pluck the just unfolding blossoms of Rose Queen (?)—that putting too much faith in a mere name, I chose as trencher mate for Conrad F. Meyer—before my mocking neighbor shall spy its orange banner from her chamber window. No matter what euphonious name of salmon or rose or crimson they bear, mine always materialize as loud and brilliant and shrieking orange, so bowing to what seems an inescapable fate, I isolate as far as I can such dazzling things, and get what pleasure I may out of their real splendor, as well as no little out of my commendable broad-mindedness. Like great lanterns they illuminate the corner of their banishment, and, turning away

from their blinding radiance, the rest of the garden seems plunged in the twilight of approaching night.

I think that especial corner must be my floral Mr. Hyde, for there all sorts of crimes I had supposed wholly foreign to my nature are committed. No sooner has the light of those Poppies been finally extinguished, than one hears the barbaric notes of the outrageous Gaillardias, running riot on their graves the remainder of the summer, and screaming in raffish glee at the top of their—stems. The Tiger Lilies join in the ribald chorus, and the Trollius, wondering how he got there and a trifle ashamed, still, finding himself in Rome, adds his more delicate note almost unheard. The curtain of autumn falls on the last ringing tones of this fantastic arpeggio, sustained by Veronica for contrast, and Woolley Dod, who though a bit more restrained, is still something of the gay dog after all, and clearly belongs in this corner screened by charitable shrubbery.

To return to a virtuous life after this glimpse into a gayer appears a trifle slow, but we are assured by those who should know that it wears better in the long run, and we are sustained and upheld by thoughts of Heaven when we hear the lilting melody that the blithe Lupines, all

blue and rose and white drifts at the feet of the Hollyhocks, are softly humming. All too brief and too soon is stilled their tuneful song, but my journal tells me that my brave Hollyhocks have often held their bright heads against the skies of late September, which makes them a priceless note in our obligato. And now the lambent torches of the early Phlox, Miss Lingard, light the way for Shasta Daisies and Heuchera running in, soon joined by Stokesia, the latter a little bold and weedy, but an attractive and effective flower, nevertheless. If Aster Amellus were a bit earlier, there would be something of a duel between these two, but by the time she does arrive Stokesia has made herself too agreeable to be easily ousted from favor, so both remain though they are much alike. Not very good friends, however, the length of the border should divide them.

I am certain that I have not at all a malicious disposition, and yet how else can one account for that perverse motive that impelled me to plant Achillea, Valerian, and the rose Monarda all together and box that spot securely in? The Athos, Porthos, and Aramis of the garden these, always swashbuckling about. I like them all three, but they are too aggressive, and are always chasing more gracious and gentle-mannered flowers

out of the garden, so I conceived the idea of demonstrating to each what living in the constant shadow of such belligerence was like, and of standing aside to let the best man win. Valerian was, I think, a trifle in the lead, but realizing her peril, Monarda's shrieks for help called in feline reenforcements and just now the issue is doubtful. To the combatants, but not alas, to me!—Quite certain I am that in the last analysis Achillea, whom I like least of all the likable three, will be found making no fuss about it, but, firmly established underneath everything, ready to come up serenely when the other two are quite worn out. She is like that; meek outwardly, but as are so many apparently meek and demure people, beneath everything, subtle, and obstinate and tenacious to the last degree.

Of course in each garden one will desire to develop and experiment with his own arpeggios. It is an interesting and fascinating labor of love, with many triumphs thrown into a stronger light by the shadows of occasional mistakes. Beside the loud and bizarre succession already mentioned, reminiscent of the streets of Cairo, I have found many others very attractive and satisfactory. The bulbs any and all of them, are always available and agreeable for a first note, as dying down

so completely they have no aftermath to trouble or be troubled by the new growth. Anemone sylvestris may be followed by Peachbells, Heuchera, Aster Amellus and Anemone Japonica, and with Scilla and the early Tulips, Dianthus, Foxglove and Platycodon against late Phlox make a useful and effective grouping. Narcissus poeticus is succeeded by Pyrethrum, Shasta Daisies, Lilium speciosum, Aconitum, and finally Chrysanthemum. The last notes of Helenium will brighten and make bluer the first coming of Veronica subsessilis, as it in turn has been enhanced by the dull blue of Stokesia, and over all and everywhere the sweet and dainty grace-notes of Gladioli, sown broadcast with a free hand, carry the echo of Mendelssohn's "Spring Song" over into autumn.

CHAPTER VIII

A FOLK SONG

DRIVING along the countryside on a drowsy soft midsummer morning, Bouncing-Bet dancing and pirouetting gaily beside the way with the gallant and upstanding Chicory, whose heavenly blue eyes enthrall me as much as they do Bet; with Canadense sounding sweet chimes across the meadows calling Goats Beard and Thistle and Butterfly Weed and a hundred others to worship at her shrine, fearing no rival to her beauty, I can but wonder why we all feel so much joy and pride in the mere fact of ownership, why man must put a wall about the thing he loves and call it his, before he knows content, why possession and possession only spells real satisfaction, why I need have a garden of my own at all, when I ought to be so happy and so occupied tasting the joys of this one that generous Nature makes mine every year.

Giving the lute to memory, she plays the gamut of the joyous hours, and listening, I live again that first exciting moment of early spring, when,

as we poke remorselessly about among the cold wet leaves almost discouraged, the coy sweet face of Arbutus peeps shyly up to greet us. And every moment, through the all-too-short days of happy summer, to that no less enthralling hour in autumn when the sharp frost, quenching the delicate frail flame of Asters, consoles us in full measure with glowing fires of gorgeous color on every hand, there is something new and piquant happening. The Dog-tooth Violet and the Bloodroot jeer merrily in their fancied security, when, incautious foot slipping, I plunge ankle-deep in the soft, fathomless black ooze they love, and the Marsh-marigolds, knights and ladies safely entrenched within wide moats, wave mocking greeting from their inaccessible fastnesses. Graceful Hepatica greets nodding Aquilegia as they meet, rushing out hastily together, before the fast unfolding verdure of their wooded haunts has shadowed too much the rocky sun-warmed slopes they love, and only a moment later, Birds-foot Violet is breathlessly spreading a royal carpet of purple velvet for the tread of dainty Lady-slipper, whose fairy presence lingers but a breath and is gone.

The Dogwood—in our own garden no better—waves above us tantalizingly out of reach, but

at our feet, just begging to go home with us, the rose Azalea smiles. She does not always beg in vain, and there is no more exquisite shrub in my whole garden than this once-wild denizen of the woods that every spring, showing her gratitude, sets a standard of generosity and brilliance of bloom that the more sophisticated Azaleas have never yet quite met.

Another shrub, blooming a moment later, that seems also to enjoy and appreciate the privileges of civilization, and is delighted to pay tribute in abundant bloom, is Kalmia, the dainty Mountain-Laurel, cousin to Rhododendron, and of much better disposition, though not so showy. She is less shy than the Azalea, and is more easily located, so knowing her haunts, I leave her there secure in the conviction that in blooming season her bloom is mine if I so will. Nature takes care of her almost as well as I could and considered as a garden shrub, one Azalea gives me more pleasure than a score of Kalmia, beautiful though the latter unquestionably are.

Many times on a pleasant Sunday morning I have been one of Jack's congregation—serene and independent Jack, who cares not if many or few listen as long as he may pose unmolested under his verdant canopy, and, with the courage of his

convictions, that must be the envy of many of his human colleagues, preach the gospel of the great Out-of-doors. Perhaps the Trilliums, spangling the mossy stretches of the forest like stars upon a background of green sky, are listening. Saints they are, and of the type who go most to church, because least needing it. Curate cranesbill, rose color in the distance, dull mauve seen nearer, reads the lesson for the day: *When distance lends enchantment, 'twere folly to come closer!*

The torches of midsummer fire Lobelia cardinalis, gleaming beside the bosky brook, dark amid the blaze of noon, and fill with flame the cup of Lilium Philadelphus, waiting uplifted by the roadside. In the meadow the soft plumes of Rue strive vainly to extinguish the vivid flare of Balm and Turk's-cap, and glowing Fireweed struggles in frenzied effort to make beautiful once more the ruin wrought by man's more harmful conflagrations. Purple Thistles in the dazzling sun dare and double dare us to try to make their tantalizing beauty ours, and bright Rose-Mallows park themselves in deceitfully open spaces, enticing us to a watery grave. Clematis clinging fondly in sparkling youth, and closer yet later, in hoary wisdom, to her rustic lover, trapped by her blandishments in an unguarded moment and now struggling in

vain for freedom, teaches us the value of providing early against old age, and Joe Pye-weed, teaching no lessons, but steeped in warm content, smiles drowsily at us as we go by.

Not that we always go by, as my vases often bear emphatic witness at this season. In my castle of dreams there is a Joe Pye-weed room: Walls of atmospheric gray with a pink tone like warm sunshine through haze, ivory wood, and deep sofas and chairs all cretonne-covered in dull tones of rose and mauve and shadowy neutral, and everywhere on tables and broad window-seat and by the low-toned mauve-rose fireplace of Harvard brick, great jars of dull brass, filled with masses of this indescribable flower with the weird name. Picture the amazement of the spirit of old Indian Joe, revisiting the scenes of former *materia medica*, wandering by some night, and seeing through the breeze-blown curtains of the open casement, in the light of soft rose-shaded lamps this shrine to his memory. It might restore his self-respect and comfort him a little, if he had happened previously to read, as I did in the Encyclopedia one hot day, in an attempt to kill an idle hour with some light literature: "Joe Pye-weed; see Eupatorium" and under "Eupatorium" no slightest word about poor Joe!

But perhaps his spirit cannot read. Or perhaps, reading, he chooses something heavier and more soul-satisfying, like that "Life of Jesse James" that the Infant loves, but that I must confess is over my head.

But while we have lingered within, dreaming, Nature has shifted the scene, and we emerge to find a landscape pulsating with the shimmering haze of vivid September, made vocal with the virbrant notes of locusts and starred wherever we turn with countless sparkling points of varicolored Asters, rose and purple, white and blue. The whole world seems alive with their illumining radiance, picked out with plumes of Goldenrod and cockades of Helianthus, all tempting our eager pillage—but gathering Asters, profit by many a sad experience of mine and go armed with pity, or, failing that, at least a jar of wet sand.

All field and woodland flowers are extremely sensitive and easily frightened, and appropriated by covetous hands with no matter how much tenderness and consideration, many of them droop in appalling ruin beyond resuscitation in an unbelievably brief moment. There is nothing much more poignantly harrowing than, having come blithely home, car full of bright trophies

torn ruthlessly from their happy haunts to make a zealot's holiday, to find a melancholy mass of soulless wreckage in your hands and on your conscience. Asters are of all difficult wild flowers the most difficult to bring home spirit and body joined, so if your trip is to be a long one or if already far from home you see especially desirable ones, avert your eyes and resist that impulse. Yielded to, it will only result in sad disaster for them, and for you, regrets and a conscience-smitten heartache thinking of their so lately high estate.

The Goldenrod has, if any—for with that slighting reservation we are too apt to accept the gifts of unselfishness—a more adaptable soul. The Black-eyed Susans too are agreeable, and the thorny Teasel will travel any distance with you in unperturbed equanimity. It is not undecorative either, that Teasel, though perhaps it might be called a bit rattle-brained. I much prefer it to the Cat-tail of Victorian days, though not bad, these last, when quite fresh and new, but they were rather overdone, which the Teasel certainly has not been yet, whatever else may be said against it. Wholly unable to see the beauty in a Mullein stalk which many claim is there, but feeling guilty and at a disadvantage without

some pet eccentricity, I announce myself the champion of the mysterious reserved spine-studded Teasel.

Those who, fond of mummies evidently, but unable to satisfy their soul's needs by a trip to the wellspring of those delights, wish to express themselves through the medium of winter bouquets of the dried ghosts of flowers, must turn to the woodland. Helichrysum and the silvery seed-pods of Honesty that we sometimes see, aside, nothing remains in our gardens after November has told her tale, but the flowers of retrospection and anticipation, and that it takes some imagination to fill vases with either memories or hopes, I grant. Those who have neither imagination nor patience substitute for those gifts the more material wrinkled seed-pods of the senile Milkweed that, drying, burst into fluffed balls of silky mist. The purple-globed tassels of the Elder turn with the weird magic of the beneficent frost into waxy specters, pearl-like and unrecognizable, fascinating and mysterious. The mystic spell cast by stiff pewter branches gemmed with silver knots of Bayberries, everyone has felt, and who can resist the charm of Bitter-sweet when winter's icy hand reflexes the enveloping husks of her bright fruit, and makes a discordant

chord of scarlet and dull orange upon the silvery altar of a pasture fence-rail—a flame in the cold landscape. And there are people—this I know you will hardly believe, but I who speak have seen it—who, still unsatisfied with all this beauty, are cruel enough to pursue and catch and cage in a glass prison, the happy and still-living greenness of the jolly little Partridge-vine jeweled with scarlet berries, and sealing it tight, gloat on its dying agonies prolonged for weeks.

Most of these treasures are truly lovely in themselves, but for some inexplicable reason I cannot endure a permanent bouquet, be it ever so wonderful. It sets my nerves tingling and my teeth on edge, and irritates me to an absurd degree. The curious little waxen blossoms that our grandmothers made and have handed down to us enshrined in their crystal tombs, absurd though they certainly are, yet have their lovable side, but even that may not be said of petrified bouquets—solemn, immutable, dusty specters of past loveliness. I would as soon adorn my shrines with garlands of those astonishing red-flannel Poinsettias from Woolworth's amazing museum of incredible wonders, or give sanctuary to those impossible Roses abloom on the next counter—

so much more beautiful than the real ones that I am filled with anxious apprehension, lest the gods looking down from high Olympus should catch sight of them, and seeing, realize that having gone them one better, we need no further assistance in that line.

Of Bayberry I must make a small exception—and yet not an exception after all, since that is not a sepulcher of departed beauty, but is having just now its happiest hour. I do like having it about for a little, its stiff artistic ramifications making an adorable picture, in an odd jar of gray pottery upon a teakwood stand against a background of black paneling. But not long is it allowed to stay—not until eye and spirit tire of its unchangeable, immobile rigidity. Before that time arrives a Palm takes its place, or a graceful drooping fern, or a bowl of some one of the many available bulbs that force so wonderfully. With these and a waggish goldfish, who packs a cheerful fin, and vibrates like a gleaming flower in his subaqeuous home, I am well satisfied to put my vases out of sight until once more the garden and the woodland thrill with waking life. Keeping our vision clean-swept from compromise rests the spirit and gives us a keener and more lucid appreciation of Nature's gifts which, always changing,

never immutable, waxing and waning with every passing hour, thrill us with the sure conviction that she knows what she is about—that in her breast alone is locked the secret of true beauty.

CHAPTER IX

GARDEN PETS

IN compiling this little story of a little garden, impelled by devotion to my faithful flowers and a desire to share them with others, rather than by anxiety to enlighten or instruct anyone, I have nevertheless been severely handicapped by a lively sense of humility—an almost overwhelming appreciation of my unfitness for the task that I had set myself, in my too-evident lack of the technical knowledge and the professional experience that should be the only *raison d'être* for a work of this sort. It is then an unspeakable relief to be able in this chapter to cast off this cloud and, holding up my head, to look my readers serenely in the face, secure in the belief that here at least my feet are upon solid ground and that I know whereof I speak—confident that no one can show a more exhaustive and enlightening experience at reconciling more different sorts of pets to the exigencies of a little garden that can I.

Speaking from these serene heights of self-confidence, having passed through so much tribu-

lation to arrive that I claim the divine right of martyrdom to demand an audience, I assure you that the only appropriate and wholly satisfying pet for one who loves his garden is a goldfish! But it is one thing to give advice and quite another to follow it yourself—which sounds rather like a Bromide, but which is really a Proverb you will find, if you will think it over. As I look from my window at this moment I see, as my prophetic soul assured me that I should, Willowby, who having had his usual game of tag with some impish butterflies (that, knowing very well what they were about, led him a gay chase among the Darwins and the Iris just now at the height of their frail bloom), and having partaken of a rather heavy luncheon on Valerian roots, has now come, happy but exhausted after his busy morning, to a much needed siesta in the very middle of the Phlox divaricata.

That Valerian which sets off so beautifully the rose of the Peonies, and turns the doubtful pink of the Foxgloves pink and is a generally useful foil for everything, besides being so sweet in itself, must—come—out. It and cats are not compatible in any garden. Sooner or later they discover it and in their mad passion for its tempting lure, wreck everything in its vicinity and hold

nightly orgies with all their friends around its festal table. So it must go, there being of course no question of the banishment of the cat! The rabbits have been bestowed, bedewed with many tears, upon friends who are happy in the fortunate possession of really nice mothers; the chickens after many tragedies and resulting impassioned arguments, have finally found rest upon the sacrificial altar of the family frying-pan, with emotional results culminating in precipitate desertion of the dinner table, but the cat, never. Willowby—Willowby's father—Willowby's children will continue in the future as in the past, to find sanctuary in my choicest garden spots so long as that garden shall continue to exist.

I have beheld trained cats—in shows—but I regard in those exhibitions the trainer with far more awe and admiration than the object trained. To see him is infinitely more worth the fee for admission than to see the cat. As far as my experience goes, a cat cannot—no, not cannot, will not—be taught anything, the principal reason for this being that he already knows everything. One may never compel him to use his knowledge, but may occasionally persuade him to be broad-minded enough to admit that the question has two sides. Within the confines of the house, he

is usually willing to concede you some rights, but all outdoors is common property; there he will admit of no dictation, or infringement on his equality. And so I meekly bind the wounds of the Darwins and the Iris—softly, lest awakening, he should choose a fresh and even more undesirable spot—and tear out the roots of the Valerian. A veritable dog in the manger—if I may not have them, neither shall he.

And speaking of dogs, I only feel a kinship with them when it is a question of cats! Rowdy—well named—a noble representative of a race of outrageous and exasperating terriers, who understands every word we speak, thereby proving himself far cleverer than we, who understand his language not at all, has developed a sudden passion for the noble art of horticulture. Having heard me say in an unguarded moment in his presence that bone meal was a much-to-be-desired aid in gardening, with the greatest persistence, with a zeal the tide of which nothing can stem, he now buries his bones at the feet of the Auratums; or the blue of the Delphiniums striking him favorably, he forthwith wrecks them in his efforts to be helpful, even pressing into his service, and as he supposes mine, all the dogs in the neighborhood. Nothing can convert him

from the error of his ways or convince him that he is showing a mistaken energy. Scoldings, even beatings, he endures with the passive submission and inward obstinacy of the true martyr, sure through it all that he knows that bones are good for flowers and that sometime I will see the error of my ways and never forgive myself for the cruelties my ignorance has led me to inflict upon one who only did his duty as he saw it. That he means well no one can ever doubt; no one upon whom he has ever turned the battery of those sad, appealing eyes set in that shaggy face, one ear cocked inquiringly, one lying back confidingly as one who, asking for bread, will be equally grateful if a stone is all the larder contains at the moment. He means well, but he was born for blunders as the sparks fly upward, in which he is not so different from many well-meaning members of the human race.

Through long and friendly association with large, fat earthworms, I have educated myself to regard snakes with more or less philosophy, but I have not yet reached the point of ranging myself with Eve in considering them congenial garden companions. When therefore, poor Rowdy, in a moment of expansive glee over an elusive June-bug overturns the bucket devoted

by the Infant to a choice collection of specimens of his latest hobby in the pet line, who can blame me if I leave the garden precipitately. And though weeks have passed since the calamity, one being found missing when the roll was called, I still walk warily, and think of reptiles when my thoughts should be all of Roses. But the first garden had its snake, and though I think we would all be better off if it had not, I suppose I should be proud to parallel that garden in any way—and the Infant, in the main a good child, must sow wild oats. May he never sow them anywhere but in my garden.

Peter swings lazily on his perch in the sun, either puffing up his little chest in song, or watching with a bright curiosity untainted by envy other freer birds disporting themselves in the bird-bath, or falling savagely upon luckless insects in the grass, congratulating himself meanwhile on his good fortune in having both food and bath brought to him, instead of depending upon the vagaries of a fortuitous chance. Who could imagine that he would have his share in bringing discomfiture, temporary though it proved, upon the garden? True his offense was only vicarious, therefore too much blame should not be visited upon him, the un-

conscious agent of so much trouble and conjecture.

One morning crowds of sturdy little aliens raised their impudent heads from among the Anemones. This phenomenon recurring day after day, while painstakingly endeavoring to eradicate them one by one I puzzled my brains in vain for a solution of the mystery of their sudden and persistent appearance. The strictest of immigration laws being enforced in my garden by the elimination of all but liquid fertilizer and bone meal, there seemed to be no answer till Jake, that reincarnated oracle in overalls, was called in consultation. "Bird-seed!" said he, in the tones of hoarse import popularly associated with oracles. "The Canary!"—and so the event proved. Here the maid had suddenly formed the habit of dumping the discarded débris of the trays, and the mystery was a mystery no more but, regarding it as another manifestation of divine affection expressed through chastisement, much weary weeding it had caused me before the problem was so simply solved.

So of all the extraneous denizens of our household the goldfish alone stand out in my heart in grateful prominence as never having offended vicariously or otherwise. Jaundice and Julia,

Blitzen and Blanche and Jupiter dart joyously about the confines of their watery world, serene in the consciousness of never having brought woe to anyone. Trusting little things they are, clamoring for food if you approach their vicinity, but showing, I must confess, a limited intelligence as well as an ill-advised curiosity and a misplaced confidence when they come up to examine at close range the strange piece of animated red plush that I fear they will someday discover to be the tongue of their worst enemy, Willowby, who finds a pungent flavor much to his liking in the water that is their dwelling place and who spends many happy hours observing their habits through the imprisoning glass, occasionally licking his chops thoughtfully. Willowby in his heart considers that his lot has been cast with peculiar people who do not appreciate the ultimate end in view in the creation of birds and fishes as being *objets d'art* gastronomic rather than ocular, but so far he has obligingly, if somewhat condescendingly, waived his ideas in deference to ours, and demonstrated his ability to see the question from all sides.

Like little gleaming animated flowers the goldfish are, and very decorative used as such on a luncheon table, combined with Water Lilies in a wide crystal pool. Or I have used them as den-

izens of the pool of a miniature Japanese garden, where I have achieved the double purpose of giving my guests a topic of conversation, and by a change of environment have brought some joy into the monotonous lives of the poor little prisoners. This practice, however, begun with the kindest intentions I have been reluctantly obliged to abandon, having disproved the theory that joy never kills—the old story evidently of the boy and the frogs.

And speaking of frogs, I am reminded of a pleasure I have yet in store—a water garden. As yet I have neither that nor a rock garden, but both are so clearly envisaged in my mind, the one reflected in the other, that I have difficulty in persuading myself that they still exist only in my imagination. One advantage these have, in that their gates are never closed to me. All day I go happily about the paths of the one garden, pruning here, cutting there, always adoring, but when night, coming down like a stern parent, has locked its beauties away from me, then my eyes closed—in sleep, perhaps—I wander in the other, beautiful as well. A little cascade crossed by a rustic bridge, leaps gayly down the rocks to sleep in a wide, still pool. Evergreens and cool nodding ferns at one end shade the gold and white of Water Lilies,

but not enough to blur too much the dancing reflections of Primrose and Aquilegia leaning from their dainty foothold in the rocks, to laugh at each other's pictures, mirrored in its dark bosom, broken by the swiftly darting sunbeam of a goldfish, finding at last his real *metier* in life in protecting his domain from undesirable intruders.

Some happy day when I have persuaded the Infant that a fish pond is far more to be desired than a tent, and when the Ogre, lulled into a treacherous security by no evidences of new borders being dug for some months, ceases to hint darkly of sanitariums, then perhaps my dream, as my dreams always do eventually, will come true.

CHAPTER X

THE CORNER STONE OF THE GARDEN

JULIUS CÆSAR and I would have been great pals, we have so much in common. I know it must give him the greatest gratification—tempered possibly with some slight astonishment—that a kindred spirit is waving to him a greeting across the centuries. My garden is my Gaul, and over it I hold an imperial eye, searching for and continually finding, rebellions to put down—rebellions that never stay put down, but that spring up again with renewed vigor the moment my back is turned, just as his did. Like his, my Gaul is divided into three parts—but there the comparison ceases, for he would be as bewildered with the task of subduing mine as I should have been with his. The first, a fair green lawn, is inhabited by our humble cot—humble, but nevertheless the keystone of the arch—the reason and support and excuse for all the rest, its drive picked out and yet concealed, too, by the incidental music of shrubs, bulb-gemmed; the second, approached by a flagstone path, and wall—and hedge—enclosed,

is the repository of my most precious treasures; and the third is made up of many parts, some, shrub-defended, still blissfully in the making; and over all and common to all three, foundation, bulwark and background, stand the valiant shrubs, truly the corner stone of the garden.

A frame for some pictures and an excuse for more, are these agreeable adjutants. Without their aid the garden would be a monotonous uninteresting desert of bloom, stretching out in tiresome sequence of flat unrelieved repetition, but their interest enlisted, the story is quite different. It now unfolds before us, a place of mysteries and delicious surprises, of long vistas confined in narrow limits, of unexpected climaxes, and of banks of cool green shade from which our grateful eyes refreshed may return with renewed zest and appreciation to look once more upon the sparkling beauty of the flowers. And their sphere is by no means confined to blessing others, being in their own loveliness much blessed. From the first soft silver-velvet catkin of the Willow in the marsh, to the huge, frost-touched rose plumes of the Hydrangea in the cemetery—from the cradle to the grave—is a long road set with milestones of great beauty all the way.

Of all the shrubs, Forsythia is my dearest friend.

Besides being adorable in appearance she has brains—an unusual combination—and has been my clever ally in exploding that old saying that you may not have your cake and eat it too. Early in spring, the snow and ice outside still holding all life prisoner in their embrace, I bring into the warmth of the house armfuls of dead bare branches, and setting them about in jars of water watch my faith materialize into bowers of caged sunshine, and eat my cake to the last crumb. Then later when the same bright sun ties itself in familiar lovely garlands on the shrub outside, I take my boughs, the gold all gone but replaced with pale green, and each branch tasseled with a knot of silver roots, and plant them at the feet of the proud parent bush—a score of Forsythias, where once stood one. Who says you may not eat your cake and have it too? It follows, since I am extremely fond of this particular cake, that the whole place abounds in Forsythia, but it is decidedly a case of the more the merrier, and one cannot have too much of this delightful shrub.

There is nothing in shrubbery, Forsythia aside, that is much more attractive to me, either outside or for forcing in the house—though this, being so woody, does not root—than the Japanese Quince, Cydonia Japonica in the catalogues. Well

named Japanese, its outlines exactly reproduce those angular, attractive ones that we have learned to associate with that flowery land, and blooming while its leaves are still a negligible quantity, as all the early-spring-flowering shrubs do, its rugged silver-gray branches are clearly etched, and are almost as attractive as the blossoms. It is no longer necessary for us to extend the hospitalities of our gardens so far as to include the hard crude red variety that so often assaults and outrages the eye in country dooryards, as it is now easy to obtain it in exquisite white and in all the lovely shades of salmon and rose and apple-blossom pink. Mine goes all the season through with me in a flat bowl of ox-blood Chinese pottery which seems exactly made for it, and gazing at it on the luncheon table I forget to eat. If only I might educate the Ogre and the Infant to that high level how simple life would become—but this is uphill work and so far I am able to report no progress whatever.

And now the shrubs begin to crowd upon us in fast and furious succession, and bewildered by the onrush we long to hold them back, and wonder if there are no floral police to say: "One at a time, please," as does the cold inexorable official at the football game, whose accents of dour omnipotence

render his "please" superfluous, not to say offensive to the last degree. The Spireas now break into snowy drifts of bloom, one—Thunbergii, the most exquisite of all—arriving breathless and disorganized upon the scene as one who hurries to a fire. She is so wonderful one does wish she would wait a little and come more reposefully, there being plenty of time, but so it is almost invariably in life: the most beautiful seem to have been late on the scene when common sense was being given out, fortunately, as otherwise they would have been so absolutely irresistible that no one else would have any chance at all. Therefore I make all the allowances possible for poor Thunbergii, who doesn't realize that it is far too early for her and that, rushing in like this, the sharp frosts of the still cold nights will take half her lovely feathery plumes and leave the rest badly besprinkled with black and naked twigs that spoil her whole ensemble.

If only I might see her once in perfect form in my garden, I feel certain that she would be easily the most attractive of the Spireas, but as it is I reluctantly pass her by and hand the golden apple to Prunifolia, the "Bridal Wreath" of the old-time garden, which I am inclined to like far better than the much lauded Van Houteii. A

good deal of rather obstinate sentiment there I suspect, as one can hardly find any fault at all with Van Houteii, it being extremely beautiful especially purely from the standpoint of a shrub. Its growth and leafage leave nothing to be desired, but the little blossoms are not quite so perfect in detail, and one dares not cut it for the house as its generosity in the matter of confetti would make an Italian wedding blush for its economy.

With these three Spireas the family is finished as far as my garden is concerned, though occasionally I do turn a repentant and regretful eye toward Anthony Waterer when I behold him in an opulent mass sitting in the bright sunshine, but having as yet no accommodations to offer him where sunshine falls all day, I have not invited him to stay with me after a brief visit which he paid me. Distance and sunshine he must have to bring out his best qualities, but as for the rest of the family, neither distance nor sunshine would advance them an inch toward a seat in my good graces or my garden.

While our backs have been turned, loitering too long with the Spireas, any amount of equally beautiful flowers have almost escaped our review, so fast does the glittering parade dash by

on the winged steeds of warm spring days. Quantities of Azaleas there are at this time, very beautiful ones too, but the really hardy ones are mostly so bellicose that I cannot find much pleasure in them. One, as belligerent as the rest, given a chance, but so sweet and amiable by itself—deceitfully named *amœna*—I could not resist, but gave it the place in the sun denied to Anthony Waterer. Over against the neighbors it stood, isolated and happily placed I considered, but they evidently thought otherwise, and last year bringing up reinforcements of long lines of salmon Geraniums in window-boxes, they put us to complete and disorganized rout. I have heard of dreadful people who fought battles with their neighbors over chickens, but did you ever hear before of neighbors who said it with flowers? I had no chance at all against those Geraniums and so took my amœna and beat a hasty retreat. This year I am trying Hinodigiri—which sounds well anyway—in the hope that it may prove less warlike—or if not that, more powerful! If not more amenable than amœna, then may it out-Herod Herod!

One hesitates to put the dainty Flowering Almonds, so delicate and frail apparently and yet so hardy after all, next to the Azaleas in this

chapter, but as Nature has done it, some would argue that that was justification enough. "Nature does it, so it must be right" is a favorite slogan of a lazy mind; a sort of fatalistic whatever-is-is-right theory that carried to its ultimate conclusion would be the death-cry of all progress. Anyone who interprets Nature in that way either does not understand her or is wilfully blind to her beneficence. The fact that she does give us her treasures indiscriminately should be the opportunity for inspiration, not an excuse for outrage. All her precious gifts she heaps graciously in our laps, partly to amuse herself of course, for no one can doubt that she has humor, but largely to test us, knowing that it is best for us to be given some liberty to exercise our judgment, which, were everything all sorted and arranged for us, would wither and decay. If instead of creating heavenly harmonies, we choose rather to jangle her sweet bells, she weeps in pity, or sometimes storms in wrath—that last terrific downpour with the hail was, I am convinced, because she had just discovered the Scarlet Sage in Mrs. Blank's Rose garden—but that she still has hope of our regeneration and faith in our ultimate growth is plainly shown by her giving us opportunity after opportunity each succeeding year.

Now having put the Azaleas a little farther away, my conscience allows me to go on with the Almonds, although there is little more to say about them after all except to reiterate and emphasize their extreme beauty and charm. They, especially the rose-colored ones, are the sweetest, most appealing little shrubs, friendly with everybody and effective in combination with almost anything. The Deutzias, too, are charming, though the great fault with them to me is that they frequently appear to have too much foliage for their delicate bloom, swamping and overwhelming it. This impression is given me, no doubt, because almost up to this time the leaves of most of the flowering shrubs have been content to remain in the background, considerately giving the blossoms the stage until they were done with their act and making it their province to cover the retreat, rather than to play a rôle of their own. Or do I do their humility too much credit, and is it rather that they use the flowers as a curtain raiser, to keep us tingling with anticipation of their advent, knowing that, having a longer act they therefore can afford to wait, and not divide the honors of the entrance? Whatever the reason, Deutzia leaves evidently got in a panic and, tired of waiting, rush in and rather spoil

the little flowers for me. Especially is this true of the highly commended Pride of Rochester, which, while it may do very well as a background shrub, is of negative value as far as its flowering qualities go. The little gracilis is really my favorite type, though some of the Lemoinei are good, too. I am afraid I am not a wild enthusiast over any Deutzia, but concede that the garden must have a few.

Exochorda, the Pearl-bush, in full bloom, is a dazzling sight, and why such an uncommon one I am at a loss to understand. It is much more beautiful than the white Kerria, which it is not unlike, though its blooms have more soul. The Kerria has the advantage, however, in length of bloom. The yellow Kerria is most attractive, too, like pure gold in the sun, and with the luminous reflective quality of a buttercup which it more or less resembles. It fills all the room with sunshine if it grows as mine does, just outside a north window where even vicarious sun is much appreciated.

Another shrub blooming at this radiantly brilliant time that shows a wholesome gratitude for small favors and that will bloom for you with the least fuss about it of any flower I know, is Weigelia. A perfect flaming fountain of flowerets

cascades over her branches in such mad haste that they cannot stop themselves, and chase themselves off with almost equal rapidity. Very lovely while they last, but of regretfully brief duration, they nevertheless are quite worthy of a special place and one may, with the different varieties, extend the period of bloom materially. The white is loveliest of all and the rose, a good second. Eva Rathke, a dark red, is least beautiful of any, unless one is bound to believe that handsome is that handsome does, in which case she will take top rank, as she blooms nearly all summer, and deserves honorable mention for that at least, if for nothing else.

It is stretching a point badly just here to call the lovely Judas Tree and the still more lovely Dogwood shrubs, snatching at them hurriedly as they go out of bloom and adding to my error the Hawthorn, just coming in. Really trees of course, they should be listed with the Copper Beeches and Japanese Maples and other splendid examples of that sort, but their bloom is so distinctly shrub-like, and I love them so, that I cannot refrain from associating them with the other blossoms of this wonderful hour. That they are best used as backgrounds and in vistas should be borne in mind at their setting, as they hate

being disturbed and sometimes show you very plainly that they are not shrubs by sulking badly, which no shrub ever does on being moved, unless it is the Rhododendron, which only goes to prove what I have always contended, that the Rhododendron is not a shrub but a gnome. Of these last it should be realized that the most desirable colors are not hardy north of New York city—just enough so, some of them, that as you begin to congratulate yourself that they really are after all—pouf!—they are gone, and if there is any spectacle in the plant world more dismal than a dying Rhododendron, I have yet to see it. Try them in the shade with a wind-break of little pines and you may succeed very well. I like my evergreens best alone; their deep soft shades of dull green and cold steely blue and soft silver blending quite to my satisfaction, unmarred by ungraceful Rhododendron growth, that at best is always scraggy in this climate. A few of the hardiest I have in one corner, which is not wasted because there nothing else will grow, and there, not noticed or petted, they do fairly well—the best illustration I know, of that well-worn bit of humor—good enough what there is of them and enough of them such as they are.

A treasure among shrubs is the Viburnum,

especially the old plicatum and the new Carlesii, and between these are several wonderful specimens valuable for landscape effects rather than bloom as their foliage ripens so tonefully—I had almost said tunefully—in the autumn. I am not keen about standard shrubs, but if you are, plicatum makes a delightful one as do the many exquisite varieties of Crabs and Cherries. There should be some specimens of these in every garden in some form and they lend themselves to this treatment with Spartan dignity and serenity. Very few standards have place in my garden for, while conceding that all things are the better for some training, I like the process done with more tact—camouflaged rather than clamorous—so that I may be allowed to ignore, not expected to applaud. It reminds me most unpleasantly, struggle as I may against the comparison, of the feet of Chinese women.

The Bay tree, of course, is another story. Bay trees were born for discipline and flagrantly love it. I adore those stiff sentinels guarding with such severe—not to say smug—satisfaction, and serene possession, the portals of their masters. Many climbers, also, find here a new and welcome rôle in being taught to stand alone, the field of their activities being much enlarged thereby, as

when a parrot taught to speak finds a new pleasure in living, or when a seal who makes such heavy weather of walking, learns to ride a bicycle. The Rambler Rose makes a beautiful standard and a Chinese Wistaria trained in this way is infinitely more beautiful than when used as a vine. If you are so fortunate as to be able to evolve a flight of two or three steps in your garden, a Wistaria trained as a shrub would be exquisite there, and this is one of the few flowers that will harbor poor Azalea amœna in peace beside it—amœna, whom I do not seem to be able to forget, and whose foliage is so wonderfully bronzy in the autumn that one cannot quite banish it.

Always I have hated Syringa. Why, I cannot tell any more than could that peculiar person who cherished similar sentiments toward the unhappy Dr. Fell. Hating to hate any flower so inoffensive, and having always an uncomfortable consciousness of being in the wrong, I was always most reluctant to meet its pale obstinate inanity face to face. Judge then of my exuberant joy and unbounded relief when one day I was introduced to Philadelphus Virginal—a most heavenly flower —an angel incarnate—and still a Syringa! I hung over its exquisite, clustered cups with rapture, partly for its beauty, and partly because the curse

was removed, but still hardly able to credit the idea that it was in truth a Syringa. So it proved, however, though the whole family reborn has now become Philadelphus. Philadelphus or Syringa does not matter so much as does the fact that it is now, through the beneficent labors of that miracle man, Mr. Lemoine, one of the most beautiful shrubs we have. I am also especially glad to have the stigma removed from the name because that has now been handed over to the Lilac, and he must be absolutely without hope who could hate a Lilac.

Among the later blooming shrubs, Robinia hispida, the Rose-acacia, and Lonicera, the old-fashioned Honeysuckle, are valuable additions to our gardens. A few specimens of Althea, too, are not out of place, though not absolutely necessary to my happiness, as their growth is unattractive, their strongest appeal lying in their late period of bloom—so few shrubs are willing to work in midsummer! One clever jolly little shrub that thinks no amount of bloom too much trouble, even in midsummer, is Hydrangea arborescens grandiflora sterilis, who endures, even revels, in the weight of that name on her slender shoulders with the greatest *sang froid*. The rabbit of the floral kingdom is this. You plant it in the joyous

conviction that the garden has a new shrub—you wake suddenly to the discovery that instead, the new shrub has the garden! But there are many worse faults than this, so we must forgive it the over-ambitious luxuriance of its progeny, especially as in its exuberance it does not forget to give us good measure of bloom. Of its sister, paniculata grandiflora, I have spoken earlier in this chapter as being in the cemetery. There, or in the public parks let us leave her, filling the niche for which she was created in a graceful and wholly satisfactory manner. Very inspiring and intrepid she is, seen in perspective, but with no *metier* for a private garden, un'ess it be bordering a drive or flanking a knoll on some large estate.

As I approach the close of this long chapter some will wonder that I have said so little of the Lilac, but to others that little will spell much. I feel that I cannot, without being guilty of rank impertinence, attempt to tell anyone of that ecstatic flower so well loved and familiar to us all. Their horizons enlarged a trifle as have ours, they have not passed beyond our recognition, as has Syringa alias Philadelphus. Improved but little since our childhood's days, nor yet grown less in ratio to our larger growth, as we so often wake to find the fate of much we loved, the chorus

their sweet voices make still vibrates in the same loved tones that echo in our memory linked with that old sacred quatrain wafted upon the summer air from the windows of the village church on a Sunday morning. If I had put the Lilacs in their proper place this whole chapter would have been about nothing else, therefore discretion chose them for the finish.

CHAPTER XI

ANNUALS VERSUS PERENNIALS

IT is rather putting the cart before the horse to begin a chapter on annuals with autumn, and Cosmos, but having just come in from my late October garden with my arms full of the dainty, fairy-like things, stopping only long enough to dispose them in the big blue Canton jars waiting to receive them, I hurl myself at my desk in an effort to do them some small justice in my fresh enthusiasm, before their glories dim.

If it rested with me alone, the chapter begun so satisfactorily should carry on, through page after page of pæans, and end on the same high note of ardent adoration of this, to me, the one and only annual, so appropriately named the whole thing. In comparison with the loyal faithful perennials that defy the storm and stress of savage winter to greet us cheerfully spring after spring, the annual seems superfluous and to be used only in extraordinary emergency, and, barring this one, makes very little appeal to me. In saying this, however, I am very well aware that I am

voicing an opinion that is shared by few, and indeed that my haste in rushing to my desk is in itself suspicious! It may be, I suppose, that the crispness in the autumn air and the whispering of the dying leaves all about me, forcing upon me the dismal conviction that winter is inevitable and imminent, have influenced me, and that I cling to Cosmos, standing bravely alone where lately was so much of splendor—none left now in the warm sun of Indian summer, of all that glorious company, but her and me—with all the proverbial devotion of the drowning man for the straw.

After all Cosmos is by way of being a sort of perennial, in that it appears year after year, not quite after the orthodox fashion prescribed for those faithful friends it is true, but one that is eminently satisfactory after all, and its reappearance is more to be depended upon than that of many of the so-called perennials, notably, Foxglove or Hollyhock or Campanula persicifolia, that so often deceive and disappoint us. It leaves behind it thousands of children to rise up each spring and call it blessed, which offspring, transplanted, develop into quite as strong and attractive plants as their parents were, and possess infinitely more varied tones. I should never have been

obliged to renew my stock if I had used discretion in cutting, but as I preferred the tones of pink and rose and crimson, the white were largely left to do the seeding, with the melancholy result, materializing too late to be remedied that year, of a season of all white or nearly so. But now I am grown wiser, and Nature must look for some other jest to play on me, for I supplement my stock each year with a few deep-toned plants from the florist and so keep my seedlings in good condition as to color. Fortunately, I prefer the single Cosmos, otherwise I should not be so blessed with little plants, as the double varieties do not seed so freely, and in the course of events they revert to single. There is a transparent clarity and purity, a wonderful sincerity and simplicity, about a single flower as it turns its innocent face up to greet me, that pulls at my heartstrings in a way that a double flower, be it ever so lovely, very rarely does.

In many garden books we are advised to use annuals to cover the bare, so-called unsightly spaces unavoidably left when the perennials, having poured out their libations to us, their gods, settle down to their well-deserved rest, and to the gathering of strength and nourishment for renewed and more beautiful offerings the coming

year. This idea has never seemed to me a happy solution of the difficulty, if indeed there is a difficulty, which I am not wholly willing to admit. The annuals, running riot over the poor victims of this discouraging submerging process, take the nourishment needed by them from the soil, and shut out the sun and air which should solace their last moments. It seems a shabby way to reward a faithful slave, to say nothing of a generous friend, and that aside, I cannot think it a good economic policy either. Once, following this apparently plausible advice, I completely swamped and ruined forever a lovely bed of Phlox divaricata and Anemone sylvestris with a profuse planting of Shirley Poppies, and was left after all in early autumn, the bloom of the Poppies finished, but when the garden should still have been as attractive as in early summer, with a far more unsightly scar than could possibly have resulted from leaving it in its original state. The same fate befell a cherished bed of Japanese Iris. The Zinnias that with better judgment I planted there, grew and flourished like cormorants, and bloomed until frost—but I paid, in the loss of all the Iris. Even now I am in doubt as to the fate of some particularly lovely Aster Amellus, that some of my precious Cosmos has crept upon and swallowed

up when my back was turned. If it were anything but Cosmos, I should punish it by pulling it up at once!

So with much emphasis I have abandoned that policy, especially as I cannot make myself feel that I have anything to conceal. The sight of more or less earth around my plants is not unpleasant to me and in many instances the foliage remains attractive until the last—far longer as a rule than the annuals we might substitute would. It is a mistaken idea that all beauty departs with the flowers. I love the sharp, gray-green swords of the Iris, and the bronzy-reds of the autumn-touched Peony leaves. Delphinium, cut closely when its blooming period is over, starts in again with renewed vigor, deceived apparently into the belief that it has been idle so far, and making a special effort gives us more beautiful bloom than before, until hard frost. Certain perennials may be planted together, each to supplement the other to make a succession of bloom, and will not interfere with each other unless planted with an eye to too great economy of space. Where combinations of this sort are not advisable, I stick unnumbered Gladioli. They have very small root-growth, rob the soil of an unappreciable amount of nourishment, and have so little leafage that

neither light nor air is kept from anything that needs it. Nearly all of the early blooming perennials in preparing for the winter, make a strong growth in late summer just as the annuals are in their best bloom, and surely one or the other must suffer. Another and still more convincing argument, if my opponents are not quite flattened out already, lies in the fact that there are very few annuals whose growth does not become hideously unattractive after a very brief period of bloom.

An exception to all this I am willing to admit, lies in the bulb bed, for that, its period of bloom over, becomes an extremely ugly spot. The way I dispose of that difficulty is not to have any bulb beds, but instead to tuck my bulbs about in groups, cuckoo-like, in the homes of other flowers wherever I can get them in. But I am willing to be broad-minded enough to consider the possibility of having a bulb bed to conceal, and in that serious situation I should turn a flock of little old-fashioned verbenas into it to run riot and fulfill joyously the office of professional camouflageur, for which they are remarkably well fitted. They grow rapidly and compactly, do not get ugly if cut, and are covered with bloom from midsummer until frosts have turned the garden from mani-

festations to memories. They shout gaily to me as I go by, greetings from my childhood, when they and the old-fashioned balsams were the very apex of my floral ambitions.

At last, after they had waited for a long time and patiently, outside in the Azure Palace with the other unborn children, the door has been opened for my annuals and they have been called into their own little garden, where, serving no ulterior purpose such as concealing things that do not need concealing, they can work out their own salvation and live and bloom happily in their own sweet way. The space that I can devote to their occupation being very limited, I am obliged to use great care in their selection, but as they are used only for cutting and are never seen unless one goes purposely into their kingdom, I do not worry overmuch about the color scheme. Yellow Nasturtiums and rose-colored Zinnias and scarlet Poppies exchange the blatant amenities of the gutter unheard and unrestrained by me. Those Flanders Poppies—how persistent they are! They are the only scarlet flowers whose beauty I admit, and that is partly sentiment. For years, before I had an annual garden where I could isolate their dominant fire, I pulled ruthlessly their little flat rosettes of green from among my

perennials wherever they appeared, doing violence to my feelings every time but never allowing them to show the least suggestion of a bud. Where they came from, year after year, I cannot imagine—out of the air, apparently, but now that at last I have a home for them nothing is too good for them in my gratitude for their constancy in the face of such great odds.

The rollicking Nasturtiums swarming inquisitively about over everything, I find most fascinating. They are wonderfully good-natured, and will grow in any soil, as I proved one summer at the sea, where they bloomed merrily for me in a bed of almost pure sand. A disposition like that should surely be rewarded with a tribute of appreciation, and so of these I have as many as I can squeeze in. The African Marigolds too have a place, though I should be at a loss to explain why I like those great flaunting crude pincushiony things. The fact remains, however, and so do they, and seeing them, I realize with great satisfaction that I still have a few human weaknesses. I like the Calendulas, too, those dear little Scotch Marigolds, and still better the old-fashioned annual Calliopsis of our grandmothers' gardens, which sparkles so brilliantly among the ubiquitous Cornflowers, the deep blue ones only—these

latter, and as perennial as the best of perennials coming up all over the garden every year, and warmly welcomed.

Zinnias, stiff, adorable, Camellia-like, one must find room for, but only in their soft pastel expression. These one cannot buy named from the seedsmen—I suppose they are really unnamable—and must take a chance on pink and white and yellow, pulling up the undesirable shades as soon as the color manifests itself. The pastels are always found in quantities among the lighter colorings. These flowers are remarkable for cutting and remain fresh in the vases, until, weary of them but too tender-hearted to throw away perfectly good flowers, you wish they would realize that there was a time limit for even the most agreeable visitor.

A row of Mignonette burns fragrant incense to the fairy cups of Iceland Poppies lifted above it in proud golden dignity, and Shirleys hover delicately like amazing butterflies over their feathery foliage, with seemingly no connection with earth, in the space where earlier in the season violet stretches of Pansies lifted their piquant faces to greet me. A choice and adored group of velvet Antirrhinum in soft shades of pink and rose, purple and cream, make glad one little space,

and near them the Penstemon kills all joy because it is not hardy, but must leave me with the lightest frosts.

Sweet Peas, those adorable winged seraphs of flowers, I do not have. They demand, grown in perfection, infinite trouble and more space than I can give them; they come at the time when our senses are already packed and crowded with an embarrassment of riches, and when we, needing them, turn to grasp them, like illusive bright phantoms they are gone. But I do love them and when I achieve a corps of gardeners, the annual one shall grow only Sweet Peas in the garden's morning, and Cosmos in the afternoon—that brilliant Cosmos, that over all the garden casts its benignant, rosy glow from mid-July until November's frosts finally subdue its valiant heart. King of the annuals, it raises its proud head, the only one of them all who is privileged to look over the hedge and shed its radiance on a world beyond their ken.

The story of my annual garden is finished, and regretting my earlier impulsive and ill-considered words as I recall each smiling face, I find that I could not, after all, do without any of them. But through the whole long list, my mind wavering slightly as each name passes in review, as does

the needle at the approach of some slighter magnet, still like the needle in the ultimate conclusion swinging back with firm allegiance to her pole, I finally turn, unshaken, to salute King Cosmos smiling, serene and confident, upon me from the Canton jar.

CHAPTER XII

AUTUMN IN AND OUT OF THE GARDEN

WITH many apologies to the poet, who of course must know better than I do, I shall have to confess that, in spite of his ultimatum, and with the best intentions in the world, I have not so far been able to look upon autumn as a melancholy season. Puzzling, I admit, and often erratic; it is not always possible to explain her apparent vagaries. Why, for example, at a time when all the rest of the world is showing an inclination to batten down the hatches—when birds seek a warmer clime—when the beasts make arrangements for new fur coats—when we are turning a contemplative eye toward the contents of the cedar chests—why should she alone, the daughter of Nature whom we are taught to look upon as our great teacher, choose this singularly inappropriate time to take off all her clothing, and lie down to sleep, defenseless against the coming icy fury of winter! Shades of the flannel nightgowns of our Pilgrim grandmothers! Where did they get that precedent?

However, it is a priceless gift that I have always envied its possessors, being wholly without it myself, to be able to ignore what one cannot explain; so, taking a leaf from their book, I will dismiss this question with a little shiver, only thankful that she does take off her clothing. I adore rustling the dead leaves, fallen in heaps under my feet, and the odor of bonfires, and the smoke making a haze in the air. I adore the outlines of bare branches sharply etched against the blue blue sky—I adore the chilly drip—drip—drip of the soaking rain, and the library fire, and the sure conviction that the roof doesn't leak.

Puzzling—enigmatic—even occasionally tragic autumn may be, but in the main, a joyous time of past lovely memories, and present feasting on a perfect orgy of color akin to the grand detonation when one fires all the explosives left in the box, to mark the end of the Fourth of July celebration; in the whole summing up she holds in her lap a veritable Pandora's box, all these escaped, it is true, but still packed with rosy hopes and ardent dreams for the future. Who of us has not looked forward with all the courage and fortitude born of past disappointments to that Mecca of all gardeners, be they never so experienced—Next Year? And, in its very worst aspect, autumn is the lovely

colorful path we tread which brings us to the bridge of winter, and so out upon the green meadows of another spring, where joyfully we build again our rosy bowers with greater security, upon the firmer foundation of knowledge bought with the coin of past mistakes.

That some fortunate mortals upon whom I look with great envy as they hug their chains, are not looking quite so far ahead, but even expect to get some pleasure out of lingering a while on the bridge, is plainly evinced by significant odors pervading the air at this time; odors of spicing and pickling and preserving—a pungent fragrance that fills the houses of my neighbors just now with intriguing interest. The subtle appeal, wafted on the crisp air as we walk through the rustling dead leaves on the path, causes the Ogre to raise his head like a war horse reminiscently wrinkling his nose in a where-have-I-smelled-that-before sort of manner and a—or is it my own guilty conscience speaking—vague and indefinite sense of something lacking in his own domicile, where only the fragrance of fading flowers and of his own pipe greet us upon the opening of the door. At this season he is, I think, more than usually the object of neighborhood pity and solicitude, which finds outward and visible expression in frequent

delicious specimens of embodied fragrance and flavor that, imprisoned in little pots, find their way to our door, in the hope of giving to his hard lot some temporary alleviation—not, I trust, as my too-tender conscience whispers again at this point, to draw invidious comparisons.

To some misguided minds not yet attuned to Nature's chilly ideals, autumn and raiment are synonymous terms, and these find much pleasure in crossing the bridge before they come to it by collecting suitable garments for the event, snuggling themselves into the idea of soon-to-be needed furs, and dancing shoes and evening frocks—which brings me to the tragic side of autumn. To me this lies embodied in that harrowing tale which most of us have read at one time or another, entitled "The Rainy Day and Bluebeard's Closet." Autumn rain beating upon the garden paths and making them unnavigable, I decide the time to be gloomily and appropriately ripe for making that descent upon the scene of *ci-devant* tragedy that has long been menacing my peace of mind. Approaching that fatal door with reluctant feet and beating heart, I find my worst fears a mere hint of the appalling reality and spend the darkening hours of that all-too-short day into putting neat darns where the

occasion seems to shriek imperatively for them, hoping against hope that they will prove invisible to the eye of the Ogre, but still vowing, unregenerate through my tears, that the loathed scent of moth balls, so often and so enthusiastically advised by close relatives on the Ogre's side, should never find harbor under our rooftree to put to rout the frightened fragrance of Roses and Mignonette.

To those who, their heads in the clouds, think and move and live in terms of garden, the word autumn spells Chrysanthemums, for the Chrysanthemum is autumn incarnate. Her beauty we can see and sometimes her tragedy, but who would know that she had humor too were the secret not revealed by the lovely, witching, mischievous ragged Chrysanthemums she wears on her breast? Not the hothouse ones—Heaven forbid that we should credit them with any humor! They take themselves far too seriously for that, and all that I possess fails me utterly when one of those floral outrages is dragged across my vision. They do not enter into the picture at all, those travesties on flowers, those Frankensteins, evolved from so innocent and sweet a source; they should be sold by the barrel, like their brothers, the cabbages, to anyone misguided enough to fall for

them, and that there must be many such, the greenhouses packed to the roofs with these evidences of total depravity bear melancholy witness. I suppose there are people who think these are Chrysanthemums—people who perhaps have never seen the real ones, all summer standing tiptoe quivering with eagerness, like the littlest girl in the class who, knowing the answer, awaits impatiently her chance to speak. Now at last come into their own, they speak to some purpose, laughing, rioting, rollicking all over the garden, finally delivered into their hands, the very spirit incarnate of their patron saint, Halloween.

All the autumnal colorings are reflected in their faces, reds and bronzes and yellows, and some reminiscent of spring too, in soft pale tones of pink and mauve or warmer rose and crimson. Some are large and ragged, others small and prim—all lovely, though I like the large ones best, especially those with loose petals, slightly incurved in a cup.

Of all the year's flowers, these seem the easiest to grow and to propagate. Left in their corner they require almost no attention beyond a little bone meal and some wood-ashes, which they dearly love, put in the soil when they are divided in the spring, and an occasional weeding or a dose

of soapsuds—that invariable panacea of mine for all the ills that plants are heirs to—to keep the foliage free from those little black beasts that love it so. Once it is in your possession, you may have as many of your favorite variety as you like, only limited by the space you care to devote to it. The original root should be broken up into tiny pieces the next spring, and as each shoot should be pinched off in June to make the plants more stocky, it does not do the slightest harm to make the amount pinched worth while, and include half their growth. This loot, planted in the ground in a half shady spot, will promptly take root and, growing, bloom that autumn with the parent plant. I know of no other desirable plant so gracious as this, except Phlox paniculata, which may also be propagated from cuttings, even so late as blooming time.

I hesitate to set down here the names of any of my favorites among the Chrysanthemums, they are all so lovely and there are so many that I do not know that may be even lovelier, such is my confidence in them. But I must speak of Hortense Malgat, that was a revelation to me even among my adored Chrysanthemums—a beautiful, full, cupped pink—and of Mrs. Buckingham, the best possible I am sure of the pink singles,

being so perfect. And I must lay an inadequate tribute upon the grave of Goacher's Crimson, the most adorable of the dark reds, just faintly tipped with gold, full and incurved and without a hint of purple, early, and altogether wonderful, but delicate, and for some reason very hard to get. For years I rejoiced in mine, the best loved of all my Chrysanthemums, but not knowing then that I could slip it I inadvertently allowed it to die out, as I find they will do after a time if not divided. Great was my mourning, and I have since made every effort to replace it, but in vain; either I get a substitute, or if Goacher, weak plants that do not survive the winter. I shall not abandon the struggle, however, while the memory of its beauty lasts. In the yellows and bronzes it is not possible to go wrong; they are all so good. White I do not care for at this time of year, except in the Anemone, but more of that, later.

As the Chrysanthemums are at this time the glory of the house, filling every available spot, so Phlox paniculata is just now the glory of the garden. I must confess, however, to the awful heresy of having found this flower, lovely and desirable as it is in many ways, so disagreeable in others, that many times I have been annoyed

almost to the point of driving it, as our first parents were driven, in disgrace from the garden. Never quite, however, and it still preens itself in the borders, all unconscious of my irritation and its narrow escape. It requires eternal vigilance and superhuman patience to keep its color pure. and sometimes indeed, even those do not suffice, The seed-pods must be kept carefully cut, which often entails a very laborious process when, as is often the case, some flower-heads bloom unevenly, and every two or three years, just as the plants have acquired a satisfactory size, they must be lifted and searched carefully for any seedlings they may have in their pockets—arrested for carrying concealed weapons for the slaying of my peace of mind.

There is nothing in a garden so deplorable to me as Phlox, once virtuous, that has gone wrong, and that will surely happen if it is for a moment left to its own devices—vices in truth! But there is no denying that it does light up the midsummer and autumn garden in a bold, effective fashion, unsurpassed by any other flower at this time, and much must be forgiven it on this account, though it does take advantage of our need in a very ill-bred manner. Beautiful in combination with shades of itself, or with the lovely Platycodon,

whose blue it enhances, or lighting up the darker Aconitum, most people think it worth any amount of trouble, or rather, judging from many of the gardens one sees, most people do not allow it to annoy them, abandoning it to its wicked and perverse ways, until it becomes too glaringly and blasphemously bad, when they have the whole plant torn up, and get altogether new, but this entails one season or even two of eye-torturing realization, first.

Of the dark Phloxes, B. Comte, and Count von Hochberg, are the best, especially the former. R. P. Struthers, and Ferdinand Cortez appeal to me most in the next tones, and Astarte, and Rynstroom and Pantheon are not to be surpassed in bright clear pink. Reinlander and Elizabeth Campbell, much alike are both lovely in the paler tones, and Frau Antoine Buchner is a very satisfactory white though there are many good ones. If you can isolate it, Baron van Deedem or G. A. Strohlein is a wonderful bit of glowing color, but do not put it near the others as they quarrel badly. Phlox is very prone to mildew, and here my soapsuds become futile. The leaves should be occasionally treated to a dose of sulphur as a preventive, usually effectual, if taken in time. One of the best things about this flower is that from

cuttings—never from seed—one may have as many of a favorite color as he likes. Cut for the house, I do not find it very satisfactory as it falls so badly, but it is needed more in the garden anyway, so that should not be held against it.

A clever little autumn flower if you have room for its rather aggressive growth and color, is Helianthus, Woolley Dod. Bright and good-tempered and wholesome—I am very fond of it, but there is no denying that it, emphatically yellow and industriously spreading, and approaching perilously near to coarseness, should be carefully isolated. Perhaps you would like better the Heleniums, Riverton Beauty, or Gartensone. Two other Heleniums are extremely worth while, Riverton Gem and autumnale rubrum. They are exceptionally charming and I place them very near the top of the list of our most desirable autumn flowers. Their shape is most unusual, being much reflexed, almost Cyclamen-like. I do not like reflexed flowers as a rule, but in this case it is done so wholeheartedly as to be irresistible. In their glowing tones of dull gold just brushed in high lights of bronze-red, we may read a prophecy of the glory we are soon to see on every hand. In them there is no slightest hint of coarseness that we look askance at in poor

Woolley Dod, and cut for the house in great armfuls, they illuminate the rooms quite as appropriately as they do the garden.

A great effort is being made lately to exploit Michaelmas Daisies—Hardy Asters—and make them popular in gardens, but as far as my garden is concerned it has most distinctly not succeeded. Over and over again, beguiled by specious promises reënforced by my own hopes, I have invested in these wayside weeds only to tear them rudely with fresh exasperation, upon their blossoming the following autumn, from the spot needed for more desirable flowers. Attractive and wholly admirable in their proper environment in the meadow, where they grow in luxuriant profusion and beauty, they lose at once for me all charm, brought from perspective into lime light. They grow quite as well for Nature as they do for us; how unnecessary then to cage them within the narrow limits of garden walls, when fields and woods and pastures blaze with them. A short walk or drive will give you all you care to gather of their charming starry bloom, so much more suggestive of the unrestrained freedom of Nature than of the life of the garden, and combined with our friend Woolley Dod it makes for variety's sake a delightful bouquet for sun-room or veranda.

But do not imprison the catalogued varieties behind your garden walls, expecting them to prove satisfying, any more than you would cage a wild bird expecting it to sing. The horticulturists have apparently as yet been able to do little with it, though I see great possibilities in it and am expecting great things of it eventually. The one exception that bids me hope is Mrs. J. F. Raynor, a fine large flower, but of such an ugly magenta-rose that, being incompatible with anything else, she too went the way of all the others. That all these Asters would be very delightful in effective spots on some big estate, if they were not already growing there naturally, I quite appreciate, but we are speaking the language of the little garden. Of course this outburst is not intended to include the lovely Aster Amellus, which is much appreciated in my garden.

Of the Anemone Japonica how shall I write! Almost the last flower that lingers in our gardens, I have purposely left it until the last, hoping in vain to find adequate words for the effect this exquisite bloom has upon my heart—this ecstatic breath of spring caught in the bosom of autumn. If only it were possible, the whole garden would be filled and running over with its weird and poignant beauty, but I have the greatest diffi-

culty in bringing it through the winter at all, though I know it to be hardy in a much severer climate than ours. I think it is the dampness and the alternate freezing and thawing inevitable near the sea, that causes its tenure on life to be so feeble, but I cannot resign myself to giving up the struggle, and I endeavor, year after year, to carry it across the bridge with most indifferent success, for the plants are never strong nor give me many blossoms. But heavenly flowers they are, that bring tears to my eyes, and I can never rest until my garden is filled with them in all their radiant beauty. Lost is my peace of mind in the pale chalice of this exquisite dream, imprisoned in my crystal bowl, rising, calm and enigmatic, its sister bud in its mysterious globe beside it, from the tender silvery-green of its leafy source, a very Loreley to drown my soul.

Two wonderful pictures the gods have put in my garden this autumn, as a sign of their especial favor. One, a Dogwood tree, dragged rudely from its moorings in the deep woods one day by the Ogre and the Infant, who have their agreeable moments—if you should miss the moon some night you may know that I have cried for it!—has ever since retired within itself in insulted dignity and refused to bloom, as I have learned

too late, to be a pleasant little way of Dogwoods if disturbed. But now I am avenged for its lack of appreciation of my love, for an agency outside itself, the fires of autumn, have spread over its luxuriant leafage a more splendid bloom than ever Dogwood showed in spring. In the bright sun just outside the library window, like a torch it stands, its glowing tones of purple and rose and crimson putting to shame the bowl of purple and rose and crimson Chrysanthemums on the sill inside. Illuminating the whole room, it draws all eyes as the magnet draws the needle.

And the other, a glorious maple, now all brilliant purest yellow, standing against the bluest of blue skies, seen through the latticed window of the staircase, from the hall below. It is a perfect Howard Pyle—a candle to his memory—only lacking the essential damsel in a crimson robe in the corner of the deep window seat. How I long for his brush or that of Maxfield Parrish, to hold the vision prisoner when November has turned the page.

November—and the last song of the garden is sung. This morning I gathered a few sweet notes still lingering in the air, and imprisoned them in one last vibrating chord of harmony upon the dining table, where, chanting their recessional,

they will linger their brief day, and be replaced inadequately by some offering from that hothouse so lately scorned, but now turned to as a forlorn hope to help us through the months till spring shall cheer our hearts again. Already my eyes are turning, with the faith that shall move mountains, to the corner of the garden where stands the Willow that has promised to help me through February, and the Forsythia that swears by the memory of last year to make March a golden bower—and after that the ball rolls merrily. In December, Holly and Mistletoe and Pine boughs and Christmas stockings shall keep me happy and in January, the library fire and long day-dreams over my precious catalogues—and lo, the spring has come—the winter is over and gone—and the dove knocks on the window pane of the Ark with the branch of Pussy-willow!—*Pax Vobiscum!*

PERENNIALS—INDISPENSABLE

APRIL	MAY	JUNE	JULY	AUGUST	SEPTEMBER	OCTOBER AND UNTIL FROST
	Convallaria majalis	Iris germanica	Iris Japanese	Phlox paniculata		
	Dicentra spectabilis	Iris siberica	Hollyhock	Helenium		
	Iris germanica	Peony	Heuchera	H. T. Rose		
	Peony tenuifolia	H. P. / H. T. / C. } Roses	Climbing Rose	Aconitum		
		Delphinium	H. T. Rose	Lilium Tigrinum	Chrysanthemum	
		Digitalis			Anemone Japonica	
		Campanula persicifolia				

APRIL	MAY	JUNE	JULY	AUGUST	SEPTEMBER	OCTOBER AND UNTIL FROST
			DESIRABLE			
Arabis	Anemone	Poppy	Phlox Suf.	Dahlia Century		
Bellis perennis	sylvestris	Oriental	Shasta Daisy	Dahlia decorative "Delice"		
	Phlox divaricata	Pyrethrum	Platycodon grandiflora	Aster Amellus Helianthus "Woolly Dod"		
	Phlox pilosa	Campanula medium				
	Lychnis viscaria	Aquilegia				
		Dianthus				
		Yucca				
			ADMIRABLE			
	Flax perenne	Lupine	Stokesia	Veronica Subsessilis		
	Anchusa Italica	Trollius	Monarda rosea			
		Gaillardia				
		Valerian	Achillea			

APRIL	MAY	JUNE	JULY	AUGUST	SEPTEMBER	OCTOBER AND NOVEMBER
			SHRUBS			
Forsythia	Azalea Cercis	Robinia	Althea		Hydrangea (Paniculata).....	
Cydonia (Japon.)	Cerasus Cornus Cratægus Deutzia Exochorda Philadelphus Prunus (Japon.) Syringa Viburnum Pyrus Kerria	Lonicera Weigelia.....	Hydrangea (Arborescens).....			
			BULBS			
	Tulip	Lilium	Lilium (Tigrinum).....	Lilium (Speciosum).....		
Scilla..... (Siberica)	(cottage) Tulip	(candidum) Lilium	Gladiolus.....			
Muscari.....	(Darwin)	(Testaceum)				
			Dahlia.....			to frost

APRIL	MAY	JUNE	JULY	AUGUST	SEPTEMBER	OCTOBER AND NOVEMBER
			BULBS			
Narcissus (Daffodil)	Narcissus (poeticus)	Lilium (Canadense rubrum)				
Hyacinthus	Narcissus (Jonquil)					
Tulip (early flowering)	Fritillaria (Melagris alba)					
	Leucojum					
	Anthericum					
	Incarvillea					
	Hemerocallis					
			ANNUALS			
Pansies		Corn-flower	Cosmos			to frost
		Poppy (Flanders)	Calendula			" "
			Mignonette			" "
			Marigold			" "
			Poppy (Shirley)			
			Nasturtium			
			Verbena			to frost
			Zinnia			" "
					Pansies	" "
			Antirrhinum			

TWELVE CHORDS

I—APRIL	II—APRIL	III—MAY
Bellis perennis Scilla Arabis Hyacinthus (rose)	Daffodil Muscari Fritillaria melagris alba	Dicentra spectabilis Tulip "Psyche" Phlox divaricata "Laphamii" Aquilegia "Munstead's White"
IV—MAY	**V—MAY**	**VI—MAY**
Iris "Massasoit" Lychnis viscaria Pæonia tenuifolia against Persian Lilac	Incarvillea Delavayi Anthericum Liliastrium giganteum Phlox divaricata "Laphamii"	Darwin Tulip "Pride of Haarlem" Darwin Tulip "Beethoven" Lychnis viscaria rosea Phlox divaricata Spirea Thunbergii
VII—JUNE	**VIII—JUNE**	**IX—JULY**
Pyrethrum Flax perenne Campanula persicifolia alba	Climbing rose "Tausendschön" Delphinium Lilium Candidum Dianthus plumarius rosea	Heuchera Shasta Daisy Stokesia Scotch Pink
X—JULY	**XI—AUGUST**	**XII—SEPTEMBER**
Monarda rosea Delphinium Phlox "Miss Lingard" Achillea Aster amellus	Phlox paniculata *var.* "Ferdinand Cortez" *var.* "Pantheon" Platycodon grandiflora	Phlox "B. Comte" Aconitum "Wilsonii" Lilium speciosum album

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